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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1878.

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LITERATURE

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WORKS so well known and so justly appreciated as the 'Legends of the Saints,' 'Legends of the Monastic Orders,' or the 'Legends of the Madonna,' require at present no further criticism, nor, indeed, doesthe volume before us speak of them in any detail. Everything which Mrs. Jameson has written is, naturally enough, praised in these 'Memoirs'; and we are in no way disposed to differ from the opinions generally expressed. Mrs. Jameson was not young—past thirty—when her first book was published, but from that time until her death, some thirty-four years after, she was employed in literary labour almost without intermission or interruption.

A good deal of surprise will be felt by many readers of these 'Memoirs.' Few will be prepared to be told how hard a struggle against ever-recurring sorrows and difficulties Mrs. Jameson maintained from her childhood to her grave. There were, as there must always be in the life of every one, days of comparative freedom from anxiety and labour; days of hope for the future, of consolation for the past. But these, if her biographer can be trusted, and there seems no reason to doubt, were in Mrs. Jameson's case nothing more than days; the days rarely indeed required weeks to number them, and never years. Nor is the brief Preface which precedes the 'Memoirs' less depressing in its tone. Mrs. Macpherson (Mrs. Jameson's niece) writes, in September, 1877, as if, though unwittingly, she anticipated her own death within a few months, and she has not lived to see the publication of her book. Two or three pages, with the signature "M. O. W. Oliphant," tell us to whom we are indebted for "the final superintendence" of the volume in its passage through the press, and for a sad story of the labours, the disappointments and distress, and the last sickness of Mrs. Macpherson herself. Her husband died in the winter of 1873,

"leaving his wife to struggle as she could through a sad entanglement of debts and distress, with two young children dependent on her. She had not herself recovered from a long and terrible attack of acute rheumatism, which had lasted for nearly a year, when she was thus left a widow and destitute. It was not in her nature to yield to discouragement or weakness. Without a word of complaint she took up a burden which might well

have appalled the strongest woman; and the record of the years that have passed since, could it be known, would be more wonderful than many a story at which readers weep. She dragged herself up out of her suffering, with aching limbs and heart in which the seeds of disease were already sown, and faced her evil fortune with the courage of a hero. Whatever could be got to do she undertook, brave, ready, cheerful, unhesitating: now giving lessons or readings in English, now working as an amanuensis, now compiling paragraphs for the newspapers, no matter what it was—not ever grudging the service of the night to a sick friend or neighbour, after she had toiled, from one scantily paid precarious occupation to another, all the day."

We may truly say that the niece proved herself to be a true pupil of the kind aunt by whom she had been brought up. For in the volume there is repeated evidence of constant struggles and unwearied labour. In one place Mrs. Jameson writes:—

"Since I returned to England I have done nothing, made no progress in my own affairs, but have been suffering a martyrdom of vexation and care on account of my family."

In another:—

"I have never one moment of leisure in the week. I am hunted by care from the moment I rise till I go to rest. Then I must devote some part of my day to my poor father, . . . and my family in other respects are a source of deep anxiety."

The materials for a Life which were left by Mrs. Jameson are scanty, and few letters even appear to have been preserved among her friends or offered in the way of assistance. But the memoir itself is well arranged and carefully written, and the many admirers of Mrs. Jameson will be glad to have this record, and to know something, though it leaves them wishing for much more, of the personal character of a woman to whose genius they owe so much. Mrs. Macpherson does not appear to have written any other book, but the style of this, equal and easy throughout, would do credit to an experienced hand. There are but a few exceptions; such, for instance, as "the demise of Mr. Jameson," and that Mrs. Jameson "concluded on having" certain engravings executed; expressions which may probably be traced to the author's occasional occupation as the Roman correspondent of a London newspaper.

Anna Jameson, the eldest daughter of Brownell Murphy, an Irish miniature painter, was born in Dublin in 1794. Very shortly afterwards the family (two other daughters having been born) left Ireland and resided for some years in the north of England. Anna was the autocrat of the nursery, and an anecdote is told which shows at how childish an age her courage and determination were shown. Her parents had gone to Scotland, her governess to some friends, and

"the little girls were left alone for two or three days under the charge of the people of the house in which they lived. These temporary guardians interfered to prevent some delightful composition of mud-pies on which the younger children had set their hearts, and the wail that followed the prohibition came to the ears of the elder sister—a visionary princess of less than nine summers—who, fired by the wrongs of the babies, and probably urged on by some private injuries of her own, and a longing for the softer sway of the mother whom all their lives the sisters idolized, immediately conceived a plan of escape. To Anna, as to most other imaginative children, life was *tout simple*; she had not a moment's hesitation in proposing the easy plan that would set all right. It was clear that the tyranny of a landlady was not

to be endured. With what flutterings of heart must the bold project have been listened to! But what Anna said was sacred to the little sisters, and not to be contested. She unfolded her plan, after binding them all to secrecy, and the four small conspirators drew close together in breathless awe and excitement. This plan—what could be more natural and easy?—was, that they should all start instantly, that very evening, to join their father and mother in Scotland. It would be the easiest thing in the world, if once they could get away safely. They must be sure and eat all the bread and butter they possibly could at tea, and stow away in the front and pockets of their frocks whatever amount of slices could be secretly abstracted from the plates; then, each provided with a tiny bundle containing a change for Sunday (it chanced to be Saturday, and the clean things had just come from the wash and were not yet put away, and it did not occur even to the head conspirator that the change might be made before they went with less inconvenience), they would start on their journey. As the eldest and strongest, Anna charged her own shoulders with the weight of a many-caped *gig-cloak* (presumably a garment of the period) belonging to their governess, under cover of which they could, she said, all sleep at nights under the hedges; and as for food, when their own slices of bread gave out, they need only knock at some cottage door on their way, and say they were four little children going to Scotland to find their father and mother, and no one would refuse them a drink of milk and a crust, Anna was quite sure. All went as smoothly as possible, no suspicions were roused, and the little girls stole softly from the house, the nine-year-old leader, with her heavier burden, encouraging the others till their faltering footsteps broke into a run, and they thus hurried, one after another, down the village street. But the unusual appearance of the party soon attracted attention, and first one and then another 'wondered' to see 'the little Murphys running off by themselves.' Some gossip more energetic than the rest took it upon herself to give the alarm; and, greatly to Anna's chagrin and disappointment, they were pursued and captured before meeting with a single adventure, save that one of the little bundles fell into a ditch, and when fished out again by herculean efforts, one of Camilla's little red shoes proved, alas! to have been lost for ever."

In her sixteenth year, Anna Murphy went as governess into the family of the Marquis of Winchester, and at this time the miniature was painted by her father of which an engraving is given as a frontispiece. This represents her as of somewhat early maturity, handsome, and with an eager expression; but the likeness (to whatever extent it may have been successful) is spoilt by a theatrical and sentimental attitude. She remained in Lord Winchester's household for four years, but after that time, from 1814 to 1820, no remembrances of her youthful life exist. In the beginning of the year 1821 she first made an acquaintance which ripened into love; and she engaged herself to a young barrister named Robert Jameson. The engagement was before long broken off; "a dawning perception of those incongruities and differences which afterwards clouded the life of both" very soon interrupted their attachment; and in June, 1821, Anna left home and went to Italy again as a governess. She was disappointed and disgusted, weary with the sorrow which had come upon her, and not hopeful for the future. But she kept a journal, and "her diary was the constant refuge of her leisure." This absence in Italy lasted about a year, and soon after her return she became governess of the children of Lord

Hatherton. In this position she remained only for a little while; "the broken engagement had been renewed, Anna Murphy married and became Mrs. Jameson, the name by which she is known to the general reader."

The making of an odd friendship with a second-hand bookseller, to whom the diary had been read in portions, led to its publication. Originally, as a journal, it had been a somewhat truthful record. It had been begun at a sad time, and been continued in the same mood. She had made notes of all she saw, entered her opinions, and much also of the secret repinings which she felt. Tinged throughout with melancholy, "a pathetic suggestion runs through the diary that the writer is a heart-broken invalid, gradually failing in strength, whose death is the natural end of the piece." So that when it was agreed that the book should be published anonymously, a pure fiction, which was nevertheless in harmony with its whole tone and spirit, was added to maintain the desired secrecy. The last paragraph of the 'Diary of an Ennuyée' ended with the assertion that "the writer died on her way home at Autun, in her twenty-sixth year, and had been buried in the garden of the Capuchin monastery near that city."

After four years of married life, during which Mrs. Jameson wrote the 'Loves of the Poets' and 'Celebrated Female Sovereigns,' her husband was appointed a puisne judge in Dominica.—

"He went alone, and she, thus left to temporary solitude, returned to the shelter of her father's house, and to the consolation of that warm and strong family love which was always her stronghold and protection. It would be vain to affect to doubt that the incompatibilities of temper and disposition, which at a later period separated them finally, had already appeared, and made the seeming calamity of this break-up of their domestic life less a trial than a relief. They parted to all appearance in perfect amity, and with a natural cause for the severance, which there is no reason to believe either had then decided upon making final. He went to his appointment in considerable uncertainty, as is evident by his letters, as to what his circumstances and duties were to be; and she remained in England until his prospects should be so far ascertained as to make the re-establishment of their home practicable. If her life was not that of a happy wife, it was at least a composed and not unhappy woman, with many friends and resources, whom her husband left behind him, thinking no more of everlasting melancholy and the sentimental despair of youth, and settling down without complaint to make the best that could be made of a life still holding many elements of happiness."

Shortly after her husband's departure Mrs. Jameson went abroad with her father and Sir Gerard Noel and his daughter, and employed herself on their return in compiling some brief notes of the lives of the 'Beauties of the Court of King Charles the Second'; a series of engravings from very finished copies made by her father some years before by command of the Princess Charlotte.—

"When the whole series of the Lely pictures was completed, and exhibited to the Princess Charlotte herself, she could not refrain from a malicious little joke at the expense of the grandmother, between whom and herself existed nothing in common beyond their name. 'Mr. Murphy,' she said, 'I see the set of portraits is not complete.'—'Indeed, I believe your Royal Highness will find that none have been omitted.'—'Nay, Mr. Murphy; "The Windsor Beauties" are not complete. You haven't got my grandmother!'"

But Mr. Murphy was not fortunate in the result of this commission, and Mrs. Macpherson tells us something about it not altogether creditable to the memory of Prince Leopold. The princess died before any payment had been made; and an application from the artist, appealing to "his Royal Highness's justice and munificence," was at length answered by a secretary, who "informs Mr. Murphy that H.R.H. does not wish to purchase the drawings."

Mr. Jameson came back from Dominica in the year 1833, and, after a few months' stay, procured an appointment in Canada, and the wife was once more left alone. It seems certain that but small affection existed between the two; he was not sorry to leave her behind, and Mrs. Macpherson admits that "before her husband's departure she [Mrs. Jameson] had planned a continental expedition of a more serious kind than heretofore, on her own account and for objects connected with her literary career." After her husband's departure she did go to Germany, and was introduced to Tieck, to Retzsch, Dannecker, and Schlegel, and, through Robert Noel, a cousin of Lady Byron, to the family of Goethe, with one of whom, Otilie von Goethe, she made a close and lasting friendship. Recalled to England by her father's illness, she is introduced to Lady Byron, and the two become extremely intimate. At last, after long intervals of silence in the way of letter-writing, her husband sends for her to Canada, and unwillingly she goes to him. She remains in that country for nearly a year, writes her 'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles,' and then the husband and the wife agree finally to separate. He arranges to make her a respectable allowance, and "from the time she left Toronto no further personal communication took place between the ill-suited pair." Happily no child had been born of the marriage.

It is not easy to say whether Mr. Jameson was alone to blame. Before her account of Mrs. Jameson's visit to Germany, Mrs. Macpherson says:—

"It is evident that there had been no real union between them for any but a very short period, and after so much separation the bond that held them to each other had become irksome perhaps to both, certainly to the wife, whose patience had been worn out by long waiting and many disappointments. Mr. Jameson seems to have been one of those strangely constituted persons to whom absence is always necessary to reawaken affection, and who prize what they are not in possession of, and habitually slight and neglect what they have. At a distance he was the most devoted and admiring of husbands, but in the privacy of the domestic circle cold, self-absorbed, and unsympathetic, and his most affectionate phrases evidently inspired no confidence in the bosom of the woman who had already believed and trusted and been disappointed over and over again. I have no desire to dwell in ungracious detail upon the incompatibility which is so evident, which does not appear to have involved any moral wrong, but only a something persistently out of tune, a fundamental discord which was not to be set right."

And on the next page we read of the wife:—

"She did not see it to be her duty to expatriate herself, to give up all her occupations, in which she was conscious of doing worthy work and being of service to her generation—all her friends, her own family of whom she was the pride and delight, to whom she was often the bread-winner, always

the consoler—in order to share the life of a cold and self-sufficing man, to whose happiness she never seemed to be necessary except when the Atlantic flowed between."

It is true that this last extract refers to a time preceding the journey to Canada; but there can be no question that the journey was at last made with great reluctance, and her feelings towards her husband cannot be more plainly shown than by quoting her own words, in a letter written to Mr. Jameson, just before she left England to join him in Canada:—

"You say that it is your intention to marry again immediately. [The allusion is not clearly explained, but nothing can be more distinct than what follows.] My dear Robert, jesting apart, I wish it only depended on me to give you that power. You might perhaps be happy with another woman—a union such as ours is a mockery of the laws of God and man."

Mrs. Jameson came back to England in 1838, and renewed her intercourse with Lady Byron, Lord Hatherton, Miss Martineau, and many others. From this time to the year of her death she worked incessantly, not so much to supply her own wants, as for the sake of an aged and invalid father and two sisters. In 1839 her attention seems to have been first drawn especially to the question of national education, more particularly with reference to the position of women, and four years later she took a public part in the controversy:—

"That she had already thought much on the subject is sufficiently apparent from many eloquent passages in her published works, and in the striking reflections upon home life and the special characteristics of women in various countries with which her readers were already familiar. But she had not yet dared the dangers of popular controversy, nor shown herself in a field where women in general meet with but little mercy, and often scant justice. Her attention, however, had been attracted by the report of the commissioners specially appointed to investigate the subject of the employment of young children in the mining and manufacturing districts, and she could no longer keep silence, but added her indignant protest to the facts there recorded. The same report had been the inspiration of the poem called the 'Cry of the Children,' written by Elizabeth Barrett, whose fame was then yet at its dawning; and at the same time had stirred the hearts of all reading and thinking women throughout the country. Mrs. Jameson took up the subject of the condition of the women and female children, with all the earnest fervour and broad Christian courage of expression that such a topic invariably inspired her with, then and thereafter. The article itself was published in the columns of the *Athenæum*."

In the same year she set steadily to work upon the series of books on Art, chiefly as connected with sacred and legendary subjects, which ended with the 'Legends of the Madonna' and the 'History of the Saviour.' On these works her fame as an author mainly and most worthily rests. At this time also and for some succeeding years she was a frequent contributor to the *Athenæum*, and several chapters of her 'Legends of the Saints and Martyrs' first appeared in these columns. The records of the last period of her life, of her second visit to Rome, of correspondence with friends, occupy the rest of Mrs. Macpherson's memoir, and are full of interest, although the materials are not so ample as could be desired. Mrs. Jameson died in London, after a few days' illness from bronchitis, in March, 1860.

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memoir left unexplained. For example, Miss Martineau, who had seemed to be a dear friend of Mrs. Jameson in her lifetime, "made her the subject of various depreciatory animadversions" as soon as she was dead, but the reason is not stated. Again, after a long and intimate intercourse with Lady Byron, ranging through nearly twenty years, the friendship is suddenly broken, at once and for ever. The cause was never clearly told; but Mrs. Macpherson "believes" that the dispute sprang from the knowledge on the part of Mrs. Jameson "of some private particulars affecting a member of Lord Byron's family, which had not been revealed to Lady Byron herself." Again, not only does "no one living know" why the first engagement of Anna Murphy with Mr. Jameson was broken off, but we are left to guess at the exact reasons which at last led to the final separation between the two in Canada. Of one fact there is not, and never has been, a shadow of a doubt. No suspicion, no breath of scandal, ever for a moment dimmed the character or reputation of Mrs. Jameson. It is just, not only towards the wife but also towards the husband, to quote in full the last letter which he wrote to her, dated September 21st, 1837:—

"My dear Anna,—In leaving Canada to reside among your friends in England or elsewhere, you carry with you my most perfect respect and esteem. My affection you will never cease to retain. Were it otherwise I should feel less pain at consenting to an arrangement arising from no wish of mine, but which I am compelled to believe is best calculated for your happiness, and which therefore I cannot but approve."

These memoirs leave a melancholy impression, and are coloured, we imagine, with the sadness and suffering endured by the writer of them, after she had determined on their publication. They may be strongly recommended not only as a well-written account of the life of one who has achieved a literary name and a good renown, but as the story of a woman who, from youth to old age, worked bravely and almost without ceasing in behalf of others more than for herself, against all kinds of trials and difficulties, amidst many sorrows and disappointments, and rarely with any consolation or enjoyment.

Thirteen Years among the Wild Beasts of India. By G. P. Sanderson. (Allen & Co.)

The early career of the author of this work affords an excellent example to those prospectless younger sons who are beginning to discover that Cyprus is not an illimitable El Dorado. Finding, on his arrival in Mysore, that the coffee plantation whither he was bound, had been devastated by insects or blight, and that he was thrown on his own resources, Mr. Sanderson, then a youth fresh from school, set to work to learn, first, surveying, which gave him a little temporary employment, and next Canarese, the vernacular of Mysore, which it took him twelve months to master, and which obtained for him at the end of the time a Government appointment in the Irrigation Department. During his service therein Mr. Sanderson appears to have given full scope to a naturally strong taste for sport, and to have shot most of the large and small game within his reach. In 1873 he strongly recommended to the Mysore Government the capture of some of the herds of wild elephants which ranged over various parts of the pro-

vince, and was in consequence appointed first to the charge of the Mysore Elephant-catching Department, and then to the sister department in Eastern Bengal. The present work relates his experiences, which were highly successful in both localities, and the narration is pleasantly relieved by sporting incidents and disquisitions on the wild beasts of India.

Elephants have hitherto been shot down rather too freely in India, and far too much so in Africa and Ceylon, and it is only of late years that their true value has been recognized. Within the last few months steps have been taken by Col. Gordon Pasha to acclimatize the Indian elephant to the region of equatorial Africa, and it appears not improbable that this experiment may lead to the removal of what has hitherto been the chief obstacle to the opening up of that wondrous continent—the question of locomotion. An idea of their value in India may be formed from the fact that a herd of fifty-five, caught in one day by the author of the present work, was estimated to represent a profit, after deduction of expenses, of 4,000*l.*

After this the Government will do well in the interests of the Indian finances to prohibit the indiscriminate slaughter of this useful beast by roving sportsmen. Sir Samuel Baker's spirited books on elephant-shooting in Ceylon showed how far more exciting than lion-hunting such sport was, and what a much stronger claim to the title of the king of the beasts the elephant enjoyed. Mr. Sanderson has gone further; he has studied the habits of the beast with professional interest and even affection, and the pictures he draws give an insight into the idiosyncrasies of the Indian elephant which has never been hitherto obtained. English readers may probably be surprised to hear that twice round an elephant's foot is his height, and that there is probably no elephant in India which measures as much as ten feet at the shoulder. On the other hand, what the elephant lacks in height he makes up in longevity. The general opinion of experienced natives is that in captivity he usually attains 80 years, and 120 years in exceptional cases; but our author believes that the elephant attains at least 150 years. The question, "Where do the elephants die?" is apparently as far from solution as ever, for Mr. Sanderson, like Sir Emerson Tennent, confesses that he never came across the carcass of one that had died a natural death.

The author's elephant-catching establishment consisted of 367 natives, the total cost of which was 380*l.* per mensem, including daily rations. As the value of a well-conditioned young elephant averages apparently about 200*l.*, it may readily be surmised that elephant-catching will continue to be a profitable speculation in Mysore, there being over 800 beasts still ranging loose in the Mysore jungles, and large herds being as easily caught as small ones. In *kheddah*, or enclosure-catching, the plan is to erect a light bamboo fence around the locality where the herd is sojourning, and then to construct the *kheddah*, or real prison, inside, and to back it strongly with supports and binders, the outer fence serving merely as a "tell-tale," in case of the elephants breaking through. A funnel-shaped approach of palisades leads from the elephant's run or chief track to the *kheddah* entrance, and the animals are driven into the trap with

shouts and gunshots. The elephants are then hobbled and picketed in the forest until tame enough to be removed.

The Kabul traders appear to be great elephant dealers, and conduct their purchases by slow marches to the place of destination, travelling as far as Eastern Bengal, Burma, and even Siam, and perhaps occupying more than a year on the road. One patriarchal old Kabuli merchant was very anxious to purchase one of the author's newly-caught elephants in Chittagong. Seeing the old fellow's manifest anxiety to obtain a beast, Mr. Sanderson kindly put a low price on one of the best-looking females in the stable. The dealer examined her with attention, and then turned away with a sigh. Was the price too high? "No, it is not that," he said, adding, with a burst of feeling rare in a native, "The sight of that elephant makes me think of my poor old grandmother!" But he soon added, expletively, "What an elephant that would have been for her!"

Mr. Sanderson dissipates several popular notions regarding this animal, and amongst them the very general idea of the elephant's exceptional intelligence. He is confident that this idea is a mistaken one. Neither do the natives speak of it as a peculiarly intelligent animal, nor does it rank in their ancient literature in point of wisdom with the fox, the crow, and the monkey. He himself describes it as obedient and easily taught, but wanting in all originality, while the story of the tailor who pricked the elephant's trunk with a needle and got drenched in return with a trunkful of muddy water, he holds to be as unworthy of credit as the story of another elephant which lifted the wheel of a gun-carriage, so as to prevent it crushing a prostrate gunner. This appears to us one of the weakest passages in the book. Mr. Sanderson assumes that no animal would do anything of its own accord to save a human life unless the act happened to be something it had been taught to do. A Newfoundland dog, he contends, would never rescue a child from drowning if it had not been taught to bring objects to the bank. On the other hand, innumerable instances will occur to the reader where dogs have displayed semi-human powers of reasoning, which were certainly due to no previous teaching.

It must not be supposed, however, that the author's discourse is of elephants only. He has had excellent sport with bisons, tigers, leopards, panthers, and bears, and among the chapters devoted to these beasts are certainly not the least exciting in the book. His remarks on the proposals that have been made for the wholesale destruction of tigers and other large carnivora in India, and the jubilant statistics which appear in the Indian Administration Reports are so pertinent, as showing that there is another side to this question, that they are worth reproducing before closing this notice. He first points out that the value of the horned cattle annually killed by the tiger is absurdly exaggerated, and probably does not exceed 70*l.* This, it may be urged, is serious enough to warrant a war of extermination against the tiger; but, on the other hand, there is no doubt that the beast does almost incalculable benefit by keeping down the pig and the deer—animals that even now seriously reduce the

ryot's scanty means of subsistence. Cultivation would undoubtedly recede were the tiger exterminated, and the balance of nature ought to be preserved as carefully in the jungle as the balance of power in the field of politics.

We find it difficult to do justice to so excellent and amusing a book about Indian wild beasts. The true sportsmanlike feelings of the author will help not a little towards earning a very general popularity for the work.

A History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815. Vols. I. and II.

By Spencer Walpole. (Longmans & Co.)

The first of these volumes is meant for an account of England during the five last years of the Regency. It was a period of industrial collapse, caused by the sudden cessation of inflated prices and prodigal expenditure, the consequences of which were all the harder to bear from the short supply of home-grown corn and the exclusion by law of grain from abroad. The governing classes, trembling for their supremacy, strove to silence complaint by increasing rigour, and the Church, trembling for its political ascendancy, tried to hound down as immoral and revolutionary all who advocated practical toleration of philosophical inquiry. Lord Sidmouth in the Home Department and Lord Castlereagh in the Foreign, with Mr. Peel in the Irish Office and Lord Eldon on the Woolsack, had it all their own way in Council, in Parliament, and in administration. It is significant of how far the world has drifted since then, that the son of the late Tory Secretary of State, and the biographer of Mr. Percival, should claim a hearing for his account of these things by repudiating in his Preface a policy he undertakes to describe. How far the sympathy is really burned out of those who in our day build the tombs of the prophets of oppression it is not our business to consider. Were Miss Martineau alive she might probably challenge the right of a writer like Mr. Walpole to compete with her as a chronicler of England under the Liverpool administration, and her not very feminine temper would doubtless be moved to wrath by the still more provoking tone of conservative liberality noticeable in the second volume of the work before us, intended, as the author says, to tell how in the ten years' reign of George the Fourth—

"Mackintosh reformed the criminal code; Huskisson, adopting the doctrines of Adam Smith, reformed the commercial system; Canning, rejecting the principles of Castlereagh, reformed the policy of the Foreign Office; a Tory Government, abandoning the traditions of its party, emancipated the Roman Catholics and the Dissenters."

The first four chapters are occupied with a survey of the national condition at the close of the European war, somewhat disproportionate in length to the narrative that follows. History, indeed, cannot dispense with notices of what has gone before, and what has been going on around the sphere of its immediate purpose, nor can it proceed effectively and instructively without every now and then penetrating into the sub-strata that mutely underlie, but yet profoundly affect, the form and action of the surface scene. Still the ancient way of writing history, which confined research and retrospect within narrow limits, is to be preferred. Analytical essays on the

state of a country at a particular time, or the comparative states of a country at different times, or of contiguous countries at the same time, are valuable in their proper place. As the staple of an address to a mechanics' institute or literary association, they are unexceptionable, and even admirable. But, piled together to the extent of 390 pages, they can hardly be called history, which is, after all, the story of a life, not a collection of inscriptions on the monuments, aqueducts, or temples of other nations or other days. What, for instance, have we to do in the history of England from 1815 to 1832, with the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the campaigns of Marlborough, the death of Maria Theresa, the imperial pranks of Peter the Great, and the Stamp Act of George Grenville, which, we are informed as if for the first time, led to the loss of the American Colonies; how Pitt began the ruinous war with France against his will, and, to keep his place, sacrificed every measure of economy, reform, toleration, and justice which he had originally espoused, and, finally, how Napoleon threw away his empire in the attempt to subjugate Spain and Russia:—"events with which every child is familiar, and which it cannot be necessary to detail"? Then why stretch oneself on the threshold to have a little mild talk about them? Elementary facts about the geography and ethnology of the United Kingdom are equally superfluous. More to the purpose is a recapitulation of the steps that led to the national indebtedness of 1815, when the charge for interest and the sinking fund amounted to the grievous sum of 46,000,000*l.* a year, and the total expenditure averaged 100,000,000*l.* and upwards. But Mr. Walpole's comparative anatomy of English and Irish finance previous to the Union and after, though not literally incorrect, is in substance misleading. The average expenditure of the Irish Establishment previous to the exceptional years of 1798-9, was not much above three millions; and though the revenue sometimes fell short of that amount, there is no reason to doubt that, had peace been preserved, the increase in population and trade would have prevented a deficit. But the reckless attempt to crush French liberty entailed amongst other evils the apprehension of a descent on the Irish coast. A consequent stimulus was given to domestic sedition; an excuse afforded for ruthless coercion and a necessity created for sending an unprecedented number of troops and war supplies across the Channel, the cost of which was charged upon the Irish estimates. 1,500,000*l.* was advanced on this account in 1798; and a sum of 2,000,000*l.* in 1799, the bulk of which as we now know was shamelessly expended in bribery to accomplish the Union. The nominal expenditure of Ireland was thus suddenly raised, it is said, to 6,000,000*l.* a year; and the calculations were therewith founded which caused the maintenance for a time of two separate exchequers and two separate rates of taxation. But manifestly this was in every sense illusory; the fraud was covered by mystification and misrepresentation at the time, and supplied ground for complaint and reproach at a later period. In truth there is nothing more dangerous than the credulous adoption of statistical statements from books like Porter's 'Progress of the Nation,' compiled

from undigested parliamentary returns by men who have neither the knowledge nor the historical capacity to assimilate the specific amount of truth they contain. In another chapter Mr. Walpole cites from Alison an admission ascribed to Lord Castlereagh, that the suppression of the revolt of 1798 cost 3,000,000*l.*, and 30,000 lives. If the only comment on the statement were that his success "drew deserved attention to the administrative ability which Castlereagh had displayed,"—it were hardly worth noticing. But the inaccuracy of what follows is incomprehensible. As if the world knew nothing of the confidential correspondence of official men during the ten preceding years in which the design of the Union went through the careful process of incubation, we are told that,

"Cornwallis and Castlereagh both clearly saw that the system under which Ireland was governed was crude and unstable, and that in consequence of the rebellion of 1798, Pitt was induced to propose an union between Great Britain and Ireland. It was effected by the most indiscriminate bribery, but it was creditable to Cornwallis and Castlereagh that they insisted on all the promises which they had made being faithfully carried out!"

As well might the reader be asked to believe that the flash and the smoke, the concussion and the havoc wrought by a mitrailleuse were the cause of its being aimed. Castlereagh's pledges to individuals may have been kept, but so far is it from being true that the great pledge of emancipation offered by Cornwallis to the Catholics was kept, that we know, that when he discovered how he had been made use of to dupe them, he wanted to resign, and could only be withheld from doing so until Pitt himself, conscious-stricken at his own duplicity, retired also.

Considerable space is devoted to sketches of remarkable persons literary and political who divided the attention of the community in the days of the Regency. Without being original, epigrammatic, or witty, they are for the most part graceful, liberal, and just. There is about the tone of nearly all of them a decidedly anti-Tory feeling. Perhaps that of Cobbett may be taken as a fair specimen. After narrating the earlier incidents of his career, derived chiefly from Henry Bulwer's well-known monograph, Mr. Walpole says—

"Cobbett, after marrying the sergeant's daughter, returned to America, and settled in Philadelphia. There he maintained himself by teaching English—to Talleyrand among others—and by attacking everything that was American in the columns of a periodical which he styled the 'Peter Porcupine.' Indicted for a libel, and fined 5,000 dollars, Cobbett thought that it was time for him to return to England. After his return he started a new 'Porcupine,' a Tory serial. The 'Porcupine' was soon superseded by the 'Weekly Political Register,' in which Cobbett held himself free to maintain a guerrilla warfare with men of all parties and all opinions. A periodical of this character was sure to get into trouble. One of the Irish puisne judges—Johnson—writing under the signature of 'Juverna,' published in its columns a scurrilous attack on the Irish Government. Cobbett was prosecuted. Judge Johnson was compelled to acknowledge his connexion with the article, and was heavily fined. Cobbett, indignant with a political party which would not allow him to publish libels on the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, threw himself into the arms of the extreme Radicals. An opportunity soon occurred which enabled him to mark his hostility to the Tory Government. Some English soldiers mutinied. A German regiment was en-

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ployed to assist in quelling the mutiny; the ring-leaders were flogged, and the Germans were ordered to administer the punishment. Cobbett burst into a furious attack on the authorities for permitting German soldiers to flog English troops. The Government was advised to prosecute him for a libel. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of 2,000*l.*, and to suffer two years' imprisonment. Nothing in Cobbett's life is more interesting than the circumstances of his imprisonment. From within his prison walls he conducted his paper, his farm at Botley, and the education of his children. The domestic history of Cobbett's life forms one of the most pleasing features of his eccentric character; and Cobbett's affectionate qualities never shone with a brighter ray than from his cell in Newgate. On his release from prison Cobbett returned to his paper. But in 1816 he suddenly changed the whole conditions of its publication. Up to 1816 he had charged a shilling and a halfpenny for each number. But on the 2nd of November, 1816, he devoted the entire sheet to 'An Address to the Journeymen and Labourers of England, Scotland, and Ireland'; and the sheet was sold for 2*d.* The effect of this reduction of price was prodigious. The most powerful political writer in England suddenly became the most widely read; and the 'Weekly Register' obtained an influence which no periodical had ever previously enjoyed. It was in vain that one set of Tories tried to grapple with the bold writer by suggesting his prosecution. Cobbett knew how to advocate Parliamentary Reform without infringing the laws of the country. Every other writer subjected himself, sooner or later, to a prosecution for libel. Cobbett, in 1816 and 1817, wrote nothing that 'the law officers could prosecute with any chance of success.' It was in vain, too, that the Tories styled the Register 'twopenny trash.' Their own indignation and alarm afforded the best proof that Cobbett was writing no trash. His genius had suddenly spread the light of political knowledge through the dark nooks of England, and had taught English legislators and English statesmen to realize the power of periodical literature."

A long gallery hung with the likenesses of the players who are to figure on the scene is an unusual approach to one's seat before the curtain. In scanty frames, pretty much of a size, genius and oddity, acrobat celebrity, and lasting fame are jumbled together, while all the surroundings and accessories that properly belong to true portraiture are necessarily wanting. A series of sketches of this kind is too like cuttings from a Biographical Dictionary for the use of Schools, and only by contrast reminds one of the life-like pictures on which Clarendon, Robertson, and Macaulay bestowed their most elaborate care. It is not in human nature to be unprejudiced, if a man be thoroughly in earnest, as an historic writer; but we must object to direct disparagement of an illustrious man like Lord Wellesley founded on the slip-shod talk of a dull bigot like Speaker Abbot, which five minutes' reference to authentic records would have sufficed to warn any one against adopting. Speaking of his Indian Viceroyalty, Mr. Walpole quotes the following strange misstatement without qualification or misgiving:—

"The most surprising circumstance attending Lord Wellesley's wars, conquests, and treaties was that neither the Government nor the Company received any direct account of them from him till more than a year after they had taken place, all immediate intelligence coming by indirect channels. Of his war with the Mahrattas he sent no account till after (as it appeared) the whole was terminated."*

The third volume of Lord Wellesley's

** 'Diary of Lord Colchester,' vol. ii. p. 20."

official correspondence contains a series of despatches, from time to time, throughout the autumn of 1803, minutely detailing every circumstance of the negotiations with Scindiah to avert war down to the end of September, and then every incident of the rapid marches and splendid victories of the October and November following which determined the fate of Southern India.

Coming at length, at page 409, to the first event in his story, Mr. Walpole records the fact that the country, weary of war imposts, demanded in countless petitions the abrogation of the income tax; and that Brougham, nimbly availing himself of popular discontent, fell furiously on the self-satisfied administration, and nearly overturned them in the first encounter. By 238 to 201 he carried a resolution on the 18th of March, 1816, that the unpopular impost should thenceforth cease and determine. But how a long obedient assembly, in which Tierney reckoned but one hundred and forty members belonging to the regular Opposition, was whirled by such a ringleader into an act of mutiny that avowedly left 8,000,000*l.* deficit in the Exchequer, no attempt is made to explain. The fact has been recorded in calendars and almanacs of every size and shape, times without number, for three score years and more; but how the thing came to pass—which is just what posterity would like to know,—is not told. Lord Liverpool and his colleagues for the time escaped by various endeavours at economy. Sinecures were cut down, and savings-banks instituted, and troops were disbanded till the highways were full of tipsy loiterers. But of distress there was no alleviation for many a long day. Disaffection bred of despair conspired against property, kingcraft, and a jobbing hierarchy, shouting at Spa Fields and elsewhere for universal suffrage. Sidmouth and Castlereagh moved for secret committees to devise measures of repression; and the Six Acts were passed. In 1818 Parliament was dissolved, the Opposition was strengthened by more than thirty votes; but the gain was counteracted by the loss of Whitbread, Ponsonby, Romilly, and Horner, the first three by sudden and the last by premature death. Here, too, the reader will miss the true historic lamp that lights the student on his way. Ponsonby, we know from other sources, was respectable and diligent, but a man whose world revolved on the axis of Devonshire House. What was the loss of Ponsonby to the party? Our author thinks it consisted in the alienation of the followers of Lord Grenville, who had no one amongst them capable of leadership, and who refused to follow Tierney. The truth is that Tierney, with infinite tact and talent, and better command of speech than his predecessor, had no personal weight; and there is nothing which can compensate for such a want in the conduct of business in the House of Commons.

Tierney did not lack experience, diligence, or pliancy, but he lacked trustworthiness; he was full of cunning, but cunning is not wisdom; he was full of candour and plausibility, but no one felt quite sure what he really meant, or how long he would keep his word. When the change of ministry came at last he felt that he had no hold over either the chiefs or the rank and file of the party he had nominally led, and he was content to

accept from Canning the Mastership of the Mint without a seat in the Cabinet.

The first volume closes with a graphic summary of the shameful story of Queen Caroline. From personal memoirs many piquant anecdotes are collected, and the whole of the strange comedy of errors is reproduced with fitting accessories of coronation splendour in which George the Fourth exulted amid the scorn and ribaldry of the crowd. His expedition to Ireland is narrated chiefly on the authority of Greville whom most people have come to regard as rather untrustworthy. But little is said of the important questions involved in the anomalous proceedings against the Queen or the deception practised upon Ireland by his unprincipled Majesty. The second volume opens with some notice of the now almost forgotten Bridge Street Gang, as an association of Tory notables, lay and clerical, was called in 1821, and which had for its aim the setting up of an irresponsible censorship of the press, and the crushing by civil and criminal suits of all who dared to publish radical opinions. A brief and bitter but as far as it goes not inaccurate sketch follows of Theodore Hook, and the establishment of the *John Bull* newspaper.

The gradual improvement in the condition of the country in the period from 1822 to 1825, partly owing to the recovery of enterprise from its long depression, and partly attributable to the measures of financial and legal reform, introduced by Canning and Peel, Robinson and Huskisson, occupy a somewhat subordinate place in a work which is throughout marked by the statement of personal characteristics rather than statesmanlike appreciation of the successive changes in the plight and purpose of the nation at large. Joseph Hume's efforts to abrogate the penal laws against combination and emigration of workmen, as well as those against the export of machinery, are cordially acknowledged; and the liberalizing section of a cabinet which still contained Liverpool, Westmoreland, and Eldon, are not undeservedly praised for the timely help they rendered.

In his biography of Mr. Percival it was allowable that the author should lean to the side of his relative and against Lord Wellesley; but it is to be regretted that he should allow his judgment to be warped as it has been whenever it becomes necessary to mention the name of so distinguished a man. The difficulties as Viceroy which the Marquis found in curbing the insolence of Orangeism in Ireland, and the necessity there was for endeavouring to do so if the impatience of the Catholics was not to subvert public tranquillity, receive but scant justice in the chronicle before us, while the irritability betrayed by the veteran Lord Deputy is made the subject of caricature.

The ninth chapter, devoted to the description of Canning's foreign policy from 1822 to 1826, is one of the best executed portions of the work, though it is devoid of the element of personal anecdote which characterizes the remainder. The details are taken from the minister's official correspondence and the despatches of the Duke of Wellington, and, as a summary of external facts, it is trustworthy and clear. We miss, however, the causes that account for Canning's ascendancy over the Court and Tory aristocracy, by whom he was hated

and feared. We know that George the Fourth was reluctantly persuaded by the Duke of Wellington to give him the seals of Secretary of State, instead of allowing him to go to India, whence the suspicious monarch hoped he might never return, and that Canning was able to persuade the Duke to accept the embassies to Verona and St. Petersburg, and to agree to go to Madrid with instructions very different from those which would have been indited by Castlereagh. No light is thrown on the mixed motives which led to this involuntary deference reciprocally shown to each other by these eminent men, which ended in the open rupture of 1827, when His Grace refused, sententiously and superciliously, to hold office under the newly-appointed Premier, and, in opposition, joined Lords Grey and Eldon in giving him no quarter. In the story of the Duke's administration, so often told, Mr. Walpole dwells upon the strange caprice which led to the choice of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald as President of the Board of Trade :-

"Every one knew that he was a wealthy Irish landlord; every one gave him credit for comparatively liberal opinions. He had always supported the emancipation of the Roman Catholics; he had the reputation of being popular among his tenantry. But his chief recommendation for his new office was an absolute ignorance of commercial matters. His mind (so his Vice-President confessed) on all questions of trade and commerce was like a sheet of blank paper, and his appointment was universally disapproved, but its consequences were expected by no one." But has the practice been abandoned of selecting men for their ignorance or unfitness to fill the highest offices in the State?

Records of a Girlhood. By Frances Ann Kemble. 3 vols. (Bentley & Son.)

THIS record of a girlhood has the merit of "ringing true." It is compiled from letters and journals written at the time; the phases of character gradually developing are revealed along with all the faults, mistakes, contradictions, and aspirations of the days as they passed by, and there is no attempt to extenuate immaturity or reconcile inconsistencies. Although it is an autobiography, and Mrs. Kemble in her girlhood is her own heroine, the book does not convey the impression of egotism—the proportion of things is preserved. The scenes, personages, and characters that made up the daily life and surroundings of her childhood and youth are all vividly reproduced as they were or appeared to her, but her personal importance to any one except herself is skilfully kept at its due level. The reader hears and sees with the ears and eyes of Frances Ann Kemble, and shares the life and experiences of a little human being who, more than most children, must have been a source of perplexity and dismay to her parents. With all the faults of a passionate, proud, imperious disposition, are mingled such genuine nobleness and truthfulness, and such a strong and ever abiding instinct of duty, that the reader becomes her partisan; but to those about her "pretty Fanny's way" must have been tormenting usually, and highly exasperating sometimes. She was endowed with the most perilous organization that could be bestowed on a woman. Mrs. Kemble has more than once given to the world portions of her his-

tory, and they have been more or less histories of the shipwreck of the hopes and aspirations with which her life began. The present "record" furnishes the explanation. And if enemies and detractors can ever be turned into friends and well-wishers this record of a girlhood ought to go far towards allaying a disposition to pass harsh judgment on anybody, for it shows how little people outside know of the inner life of those nearest to them, not to speak of those whom they only see and hear of at a distance. Her own words are significant :-

"With a highly susceptible and excitable nervous temperament and ill-regulated imagination, I have suffered from every conceivable form of terror; and though, for some inexplicable reason, I have always had the reputation of being fearless, have really, all my life, been extremely deficient in courage. Very impetuous, and liable to be carried away by any strong emotion, my entire want of self-control and prudence, I suppose, conveyed the impression that I was equally without fear; but the truth is that, as a wise friend once said to me, I have always been 'as rash and as cowardly as a child'; and none of my sex had a better right to apply to herself Shakespeare's line

A woman naturally born to fear."

The 'Records of a Girlhood' in no respect goes back over any portions of her story already told by Mrs. Kemble,—the book takes up entirely fresh ground,—and the curtain drops upon the ominous words, "I was married in Philadelphia on the 7th of June, 1834, to Mr. Pierce Butler, of that city."

The interest of the personal narrative is increased by the incidental notices of persons of social, literary, and political distinction, and by sketches of London society as it was in the stormy days when reform and revolution were making men's hearts fail with forebodings. The various personages are described with an ease and a force which bring them clearly before the reader. It is obvious that the writer's powers have never been developed to their full possibilities,—at least, they have never borne adequate fruit. In this sense the present book is melancholy; otherwise, it is bright and many-coloured. It is provoking, however, that, when most of the persons noted are dead or passed away, Mrs. Kemble should speak of them as letters of the alphabet. Convicts are numbered: she might have given names.

Frances Ann Kemble was born on the 27th of November, 1809, in Newman Street. She was the third child of Charles Kemble, the brother of John Kemble, and of Mrs. Siddons. Of her mother Mrs. Kemble speaks in touching and affectionate terms. Her father was Capt. Decamp, a French officer, who had married the daughter of a Swiss farmer in the neighbourhood of Berne. Capt. Decamp, a highly accomplished man, was unfortunately induced to settle in London with the promise of much patronage and protection from influential friends. He came with the first rush of the French emigrants, and found London inundated with objects of sympathy, and himself lost in the crowd. He gave lessons on the flute and in drawing, but his health failed and his family increased, and, if it had not been for the little Maria Theresa (named after the Empress), they must have starved. She became an actress in a then famous troupe of children, who acted Berquin's and Madame de Genlis's plays, and her grace,

beauty, and talent made her a favourite. Here is a glimpse of a royal and domestic interior into which she was introduced :-

"The little French fairy was eagerly seized upon by admiring fine ladies and gentlemen, and snatched up into their society, where she was fondled and petted and played with; passing whole days in Mrs. Fitzherbert's drawing-room, and many a half-hour on the knees of her royal and disloyal husband, the Prince Regent, one of whose favourite jokes was to place my mother under a huge glass bell, made to cover some large group of precious Dresden china, where her tiny figure and flashing face produced even a more beautiful effect than the costly work of art whose crystal covering was made her momentary cage. I have often heard my mother refer to this season of her childhood's favouritism with the fine folk of that day, one of her most vivid impressions of which was the extraordinary beauty of person and royal charm of manner and deportment of the Prince of Wales, and—his enormous appetite: enormous, perhaps, after all, only by comparison with her own, which he compassionately used to pity, saying frequently, when she declined the delicacies that he pressed upon her, 'Why, you poor child! Heaven has not blessed you with an appetite!' . . . After six years spent in a bitter struggle with disease and difficulties of every kind, my grandfather, still a young man, died of consumption, leaving a widow and five little children, of whom the eldest, my mother, not yet in her teens, became from that time the bread-winner and sole support."

She grew up to be a noble woman, and made her mark in her profession. She was married early and very happily to Charles Kemble, and their household seems from these "Records" to have been a model of somewhat stately regularity; for the *ci-devant* French fairy proved an admirable housewife, the qualities of generations of Swiss ancestors blooming afresh in her. For none of her children had the stage attraction; indeed, they all had a repugnance to it as a profession, and although Frances Ann inherited the Kemble genius, yet its development was hindered by the intense aversion which no success nor excitement ever mitigated. Here is her own account of how she came to be an actress :-

"It was in the autumn of 1829, my father being then absent on a professional tour in Ireland, that my mother, coming in from walking one day, threw herself into a chair and burst into tears. She had been evidently much depressed for some time past, and I was alarmed at her distress, of which I begged her to tell me the cause. 'Oh, it has come at last,' she answered; 'our property is to be sold. I have seen that fine building all covered with placards and bills of sale; the theatre must be closed, and I know not how many hundred poor people will be turned adrift without employment!' I believe the theatre employed regularly seven hundred persons in all its different departments, without reckoning the great number of what were called supernumeraries, who were hired by the night at Christmas, Easter, and on all occasions of any specially showy spectacle. . . . I comforted my mother with expressions of pity and affection, and, as soon as I left her, wrote a most urgent entreaty to my father that he would allow me to act for myself, and seek employment as a governess, so as to relieve him at once of the burden of my maintenance. I brought this letter to my mother, and begged her permission to send it, to which she consented; but, as I afterwards learnt, she wrote by the same post to my father, requesting him not to give a positive answer to my letter until his return to town. The next day she asked me whether I seriously thought I had any real talent for the stage. My school-day triumphs in Racine's 'Andromaque' were far enough behind me, and I could only answer, with as much perplexity as good faith, that I had not

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the slightest idea whether I had or not. She begged me to learn some part and say it to her, that she might form some opinion of my power, and I chose Shakespeare's Portia, then, as now, my ideal of a perfect woman. . . . Having learnt it by heart, I recited Portia to my mother, whose only comment was, 'There is hardly passion enough in this part to test any tragic power. I wish you would study Juliet for me.' Study to me then, as unfortunately long afterwards, simply meant to learn by heart, which I did again, and repeated my lesson to my mother, who again heard me without any observation whatever. Mean time my father returned to town and my letter remained unanswered, and I was wondering in my mind what reply I should receive to my urgent entreaty, when one morning my mother told me she wished me to recite Juliet to my father; and so in the evening I stood up before them both, and with indescribable trepidation repeated my first lesson in tragedy. They neither of them said anything beyond, 'Very well,—very nice, my dear,' with many kisses and caresses, from which I escaped to sit down on the stairs half-way between the drawing-room and my bedroom, and get rid of the repressed nervous fear I had struggled with while reciting, in floods of tears. A few days after this my father told me he wished to take me to the theatre with him to try whether my voice was of sufficient strength to fill the building; so thither I went. That strange looking place, the stage, with its racks of pasteboard and canvas—streets, forests, banqueting halls, and dungeons—drawn apart on either side, was empty and silent; not a soul was stirring in the indistinct recesses of its mysterious depths, which seemed to stretch indefinitely behind me. In front, the great amphitheatre, equally empty and silent, wrapped in its grey holland covers, would have been absolutely dark but for a long, sharp, thin shaft of light that darted here and there from some height and distance far above me, and alighted in a sudden, vivid spot of brightness on the stage. Set down in the midst of twilight space, as it were, with only my father's voice coming to me from where he stood hardly distinguishable in the gloom, in those poetical utterances of pathetic passion I was seized with the spirit of the thing; my voice resounded through the great vault above and before me, and, completely carried away by the inspiration of the wonderful play, I acted Juliet as I do not believe I ever acted it again, for I had no visible Romeo, and no audience to thwart my imagination; at least, I had no consciousness of any, though in truth I had one. In the back of one of the private boxes, commanding the stage but perfectly invisible to me, sat an old and warmly attached friend of my father's, Major D——. . . . Not till after the event had justified my kind old friend's prophecy did I know that he had witnessed that morning's performance, and, joining my father at the end of it, had said, 'Bring her out at once; it will be a great success.' And so three weeks from that time I was brought out, and it was a 'great success.' Three weeks was not much time for preparation of any sort for such an experiment, but I had no more, to become acquainted with my fellow actors and actresses, not one of whom I had ever spoken with or seen—off the stage—before; to learn all the technical *business*, as it is called, of the stage."

The dress selected, for her mother, strong in her experience and good sense, set aside all suggestions of historical and artistic innovation, was a dress of plain white satin with a long train, short sleeves and low body, a girdle of fine paste brilliants, and a small coronet of the same to hold up her hair, dressed as she usually wore it—"perfectly simple," as she says,—"it was unlike any thing Juliet ever wore as possible."

"All being in due preparation for my coming out, my rehearsals were the only interruption to my usual habits of occupation, which I pursued very steadily in spite of my impending trial. On

the day of my first appearance I had no rehearsal, for fear of over-fatigue, and spent my morning as usual, in practising the piano, walking in the inclosure of St. James's Park opposite our house, and reading in 'Blunt's Scripture Characters' (a book in which I was then deeply interested) the chapters relating to St. Peter and Jacob. I do not know whether the nervous tension which I must have been enduring strengthened the impression made upon me by what I read, but I remember being quite absorbed by it, which I think was curious, because certainly such subjects of meditation were hardly allied to the painful undertaking so immediately pressing upon me. But I believe I felt imperatively the necessity of moderating my own strong nervous emotion and excitement by the fulfilment of my accustomed duties and pursuits, and, above all, by withdrawing my mind into higher and serener regions of thought, as a respite and relief from the pressure of my alternate apprehensions of failure and hopes of success. I do not mean that it was at all a matter of deliberate calculation or reflection, but rather an instinct of self-preservation, which actuated me; a powerful instinct which has struggled and partially prevailed throughout my whole life against the irregular and passionate vehemence of my temperament, and which, in spite of a constant tendency to violent excitement of mind and feeling, has made me a person of unusually systematic pursuits and monotonous habits, and been a frequent subject of astonishment, not unmixed with ridicule, to my friends, who have not known as well as myself what wholesomeness there was in the method of my madness. . . . My mother, who had left the stage for upwards of twenty years, determined to return to it on the night of my first appearance, that I might have the comfort and support of her being with me in my trial. We drove to the theatre very early, indeed while the late autumn sunlight yet lingered in the sky; it shone into the carriage upon me, and as I screened my eyes from it, my mother said, 'Heaven smiles on you, my child.' My poor mother went to her dressing-room to get herself ready, and did not return to me for fear of increasing my agitation by her own. My dear aunt Dall and my maid and the theatre dresser performed my toilet for me, and at length I was placed in a chair, with my satin train carefully laid over the back of it, and there I sat, ready for execution, with the palms of my hands pressed convulsively together, and the tears I in vain endeavoured to repress welling up into my eyes and brimming slowly over, down my rouged cheeks, upon which my aunt, with a smile full of pity, renewed the colour as often as these heavy drops made unsightly streaks in it. Once and again my father came to the door, and I heard his anxious 'How is she?' to which my aunt answered, sending him away with words of comforting cheer. At last, 'Miss Kemble called for the stage, ma'am!' accompanied with a brisk tap at the door, started me upright on my feet, and I was led round to the side scene opposite to the one from which I saw my mother advance on the stage; and while the uproar of her reception filled me with terror, dear old Mrs. Davenport, my nurse, and dear Mr. Keely, her Peter, and half the *dramatis personæ* of the play (but not my father, who had retreated, quite unable to endure the scene) stood round me as I lay, all but insensible, in my aunt's arms. 'Courage, courage, dear child! poor thing!' reiterated Mrs. Davenport. 'Never mind 'em, Miss Kemble!' urged Keely, in that irresistibly comical, nervous, lachrymose voice of his, which I have never since heard without a thrill of anything but comical association; 'never mind 'em! don't think of 'em, any more than if they were so many rows of cabbages!' 'Nurse!' called my mother, and on waddled Mrs. Davenport, and, turning back, called in her turn, 'Juliet!' My aunt gave me an impulse forward, and I ran straight across the stage, stunned with the tremendous shout that greeted me, my eyes covered with mist, and the green baize flooring of the stage feeling as if it rose up against my feet; but I got hold of my mother, and

stood like a terrified creature at bay, confronting the huge theatre full of gazing human beings. I do not think a word I uttered during this scene could have been audible; in the next, the ball-room, I began to forget myself; in the following one, the balcony scene, I had done so, and, for aught I knew, I was Juliet; the passion I was uttering sending hot waves of blushes all over my neck and shoulders, while the poetry sounded like music to me as I spoke it, with no consciousness of anything before me, utterly transported into the imaginary existence of the play. After this, I did not return into myself till all was over, and amid a tumultuous storm of applause, congratulation, tears, embraces, and a general joyous explosion of unutterable relief at the fortunate termination of my attempt, we went home. And so my life was determined, and I devoted myself to an avocation which I never liked or honoured, and about the very nature of which I have never been able to come to any decided opinion. It is in vain that the undoubted specific gifts of great actors and actresses suggest that all gifts are given for rightful exercise, and not suppression; in vain that Shakespeare's plays urge their imperative claim to the most perfect illustration they can receive from histrionic interpretation: a *business* which is incessant excitement and factitious emotion seems to me unworthy of a man; a *business* which is public exhibition, unworthy of a woman. . . . Nevertheless," she adds, "I sat down to supper with my poor rejoicing parents well content, God knows."

Her delight was enhanced by a lovely little watch, all encrusted with gold and jewels, which her father laid beside her plate, the first she had ever possessed, and which she christened "Romeo." After this her life settled into its new shape. Her salary was fixed at thirty guineas a week, and she records how she went in person to the treasury the next Saturday, and carried the first money she had earned triumphantly to her mother.

There had been some difficulty in arranging a Romeo to the new Juliet—her father took the part of Mercutio, though he had been a favourite Romeo; and Mr. Abbot, a respectable, but not at all ideal actor, was appointed her stage lover.—

"The public, who had long been familiar with my father's rendering of the part of Romeo, gained as much as I lost by his taking that of Mercutio, which has never since been so admirably represented, and I dare affirm will never be given more perfectly. . . . He was one of the best Romeos, and incomparably the best Mercutio, that ever trod the English stage. My father was Miss O'Neill's Romeo throughout her whole theatrical career, during which no other Juliet was tolerated by the English public. This amiable and excellent woman was always an attached friend of our family, and one day, when she was about to take leave of me, at the end of a morning visit, I begged her to let my father have the pleasure of seeing her, and ran to his study to tell him whom I had with me. He followed me hastily to the drawing-room, and, stopping at the door, extended his arms towards her, exclaiming, 'Ah, Juliet!' Lady Becher ran to him and embraced him with a pretty, affectionate grace, and the scene was pathetically as well as comical, for they were both white-haired, she being considerably upwards of sixty and he of seventy years old; but she still retained the slender elegance of her exquisite figure, and he some traces of his pre-eminent personal beauty."

One of the most notable results of her going on the stage was the renewal of a long dropped friendship with Sir Thomas Lawrence, whose inexplicable conduct towards two of the daughters of Mrs. Siddons, to both of whom he was engaged, had been followed by suffering death and entire estrangement.—

"It was years after these events that Lawrence, meeting my father accidentally in the street one day, stopped him and spoke with great feeling of his sympathy for us all in my approaching trial, and begged permission to come and see my mother and become acquainted with me, which he accordingly did; and from that time till his death, which occurred but a few months later, he was unwearied in acts of friendly and affectionate kindness to me."

He never missed any of her performances; he wrote her the most beautiful notes of mingled criticism and flattery, and he made a pencil sketch of her, which he gave her mother.—

"Lawrence did not talk much while he took his sketch of me, and I remember very little that passed between him and my mother but what was purely personal. I recollect he told me that I had a double row of eyelashes, which was an unusual peculiarity. He expressed the most decided preference for satin over every other material for painting, expatiating rapturously on the soft, rich folds and infinitely varied lights and shadows which that texture afforded above all others. He has dressed a great many of his female portraits in white satin. He also once said that he had been haunted at one time with the desire to paint a blush, that most enchanting 'incident' in the expression of a woman's face, but, after being driven nearly wild with the ineffectual endeavour, had had to renounce it, never, of course, he said, achieving anything but a *red face*. I remember the dreadful impression made upon me by a story he told my mother of Lady J—— (George the Fourth's Lady J——), who, standing before her drawing-room looking-glass, and unaware that he was in the room, apostrophized her own reflection with this reflection: 'I swear it would be better to go to hell at once than live to grow old and ugly.'

The unexpected death of Lawrence prevented the commencement of a life-sized portrait of the young actress as Juliet, and Mrs. Kemble candidly owns that such was the charm of his countenance, the distinction of his person, the refined gentleness of his voice and manner, that had the intercourse continued much longer, in spite of the forty years' difference of age and the knowledge of his disastrous relations with her cousins, she must have fallen in love with him herself, and become the third of her family whose life he would have troubled. He had a false superficial sensibility which not only induced women to fall in love with him, but enabled him to believe he was in love with them. "I think he was a dangerous person, because his experience and genius made him delightfully attractive, and the dexterity of his flattery amounted in itself to a fine art."

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.

A Tantalus Cup. By Mrs. Harry Bennett-Edwards. 3 vols. (S. Tinsley & Co.)

John Smith. By the Hon. Mrs. Cradock. 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

Through a Needle's Eye. By Hesba Stretton. 2 vols. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

Through Rough Waters. By the Author of 'The Rose Garden.' (Bell & Son.)

Less Black than We're Painted. By James Payn. 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

A Broken Faith. By Iza Duffus Hardy. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

La Recherche d'un Pourquoi. Par Eugène Chavette. (Paris, Dentu.)

'A TANTALUS CUP' is a novel of immensity, soaring into heights whither the minds of

ordinary readers will be unable to follow it, and revelling in gigantic ideas almost too vast for human comprehension. The hero is a youth who ought to have been born a Shah or a Sultan, instead of a wayward child in a commonplace English family. Let Mrs. Bennett-Edwards herself tell us how exceedingly commonplace was the family of Ellis Lyndon:—

"They were irreproachable. Is there value in numbers? They were many, and each a reflection one of the other; rapid emanations from a primary body, the composition of which they partook. There were variations, mixtures, and admixtures, combinations, and subtractions; but the primary element remained pure and unadulterated in all. They were narrow-minded, they were bigoted; Expansion, Space, Progression, Eternity, were meaningless words to them—vague terms, 'full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.' But they were Christians, and that was enough."

Expansion and the other unchristian qualities had a great charm for Ellis Lyndon, who for love of them became an outcast from his family, and tasted the good and evil of life in deep intoxicating draughts. It would be difficult to say what was the Tantalus cup which constantly escaped his lips, for his chief aim in life appears to have been to make the most of his opportunities, and take the good things provided for him, whether he could do this honourably or not. He let three women sacrifice themselves for him, he revelled in the money which one of them placed at his service, and he certainly did not permit himself to thirst when any tempting goblet was within his reach. He was, in fact, a Sybarite, who led rather a pleasant life, though he has to do penance in the last few chapters. 'A Tantalus Cup' is by no means devoid of interest. Apart from its spasmodic philosophy, indeed, it is fairly well written, and pathetic enough to be read from beginning to end.

'John Smith' is a simple story, simply told; and perhaps its chief fault is that it is rather too simple. It traces a course of true love which did not run smooth, though the most formidable obstacle in its way seems to have been the monosyllabic name of the hero. "Only John Smith" is the phrase with which this clever, handsome, ambitious young man, patronized by lords and legislators, more than once humiliates himself; and yet his *inamorata* is called by no more sublimely euphonious name than Mary Johnstone. Between John Smith and Johnstone, however, a great difference is assumed to exist. It is true that the lady's grandfather is wealthy, whilst the hero's mother is poor; but even so the contrast is inadequate for the purposes of high art. The misconception is, no doubt, ingenuously made; and the story as a whole is strongly marked by ingenuous characteristics. Most of the personages are naïve in the extreme. It is enough to mention John Smith in the presence of Mary Johnstone to make her blush, or tremble, or sink into a chair, even before a large company of people, and in spite of the fact that the plebeian has not yet declared his love. Of course it turns out that the real name is not Smith, but something more aristocratic; so that Mary's friends are spared the humiliation which threatened them. Apart from this blemish, Mrs. Cradock has written a pleasant enough story, containing nothing repulsive, and very little that is unnatural. Nearly all the many characters

are such as we should be delighted to reckon amongst our acquaintance; and indeed the narrative is, on this account, almost monotonous for want of relief. 'John Smith' will be perceived, is not a masterpiece of fiction; but it is a story on which every reader is likely to pass favourable judgment.

Hesba Stretton's stories can rarely be perused without a feeling of satisfaction and consequent gratitude, more especially if the reader happens to have met with nothing for weeks or months past above the modest average of contemporary fiction. The authoress of 'Through a Needle's Eye' is sure to give a faithful transcript from the pages of nature, a pleasant panorama of still life, a series of pictures painted with care, a drama in which men and women play their natural parts, and the plot interests without offending the most critical of the audience. In her last story she invites her reader to a little seaside village, introduces him to the residents, rich and poor, and gives him no cause to wish that the scene would change, or that the characters would do something startling or sensational. There is abundance of action, nevertheless; there are more than few incidents such as the weakest storytellers resort to; there is a double will, a lost inheritance, a low marriage, a providential accident, a considerable display of religious feeling. But the saving clause throughout is that everything is true to life. It is all probable and reasonable, and there is nothing against which the mind revolts. The characters of the hero and heroine, noble and yet capable of temporary lapses from nobility, are well conceived; and so, also, are those of several minor personages in the book. Old Fosse, in particular, a patriarchal fisherman, whose talk is a quaint mixture of scriptural applications and latter-day proverbs, is a creditable study, who may bore his hearers now and then, but who will surely please them in the long run. Few better stories of its kind have made their appearance this year than 'Through a Needle's Eye.'

The author of 'The Rose Garden' writes a pretty story, as is her wont, but this time she has been too ambitious in her choice of a subject. The little woes of French girls in their love affairs are a different matter from the great upheaval of the last ten years of the eighteenth century, and a hand that can describe the one with plenty of truth to nature may easily fall into commonplace when venturing on the other. The story is occupied with the adventures of a French family and an English girl (who might just as well have been French too, so far as her nationality has any bearing on the story) during the 'Reign of Terror.' The self-sacrifice of the timid and gentle old governess is pathetic enough, but the rest is mostly of the sort that we expect from English ladies when they talk about the French Revolution. As a kind of Nemesis we suppose, the author has been suffered to blunder a good deal in her French, and to write "Champ du Mars," "M. le Receteur" (= "Rector" in English), and worst of all "ci-devante." Since when has she learned that adverbs are inflected?

Mr. Payn's eloquent portrayal of the character of a high-minded actress should win him the thanks of that profession. Lucy Lindon's early relations with Dick Talbot, when the nymph was only the gamekeeper's

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stepdaughter, and the swain the squire's son, are cruelly exposed by means of a camera set upon a hill; a catastrophe which has the effect of stopping what was much more to both parties than a promising flirtation. Lucy, influenced by the persuasions of Dick's aunt Edith, a superstitious but high-minded lady who does her good works in a Pharisaic garb, withdraws from his reach; Dick takes to profligacy to deaden care. When circumstances again draw them together, Lucy declines to be managed, and the two ardent spirits start in wedded life without the approbation of their friends. How Lucy comports herself with her spendthrift, and after grievous trials makes a man of him, and secures her own happiness, is the gist of the story—a story as well told as it is wholesome. The different actors in the piece are well placed upon the stage. There is much humanity about Dick and the rector, the gamekeeper and Squire Pole. The women, too, are well imagined, which is noteworthy in a masculine author.

Most readers will, it is to be feared, be disappointed by Miss Hardy's last novel. The dark-visaged artist who wins the love of Athelyn Hastings, in spite of perfidies innumerable, has no manly quality to redeem his thorough selfishness. Of course Athelyn's constancy is a bright exception to the generally morbid tone of the book, but there is something unnatural in the idea of a modest girl retaining her affection for one who so cruelly injures and deserts another whom she has actually known and loved. Still less probable is the character of her mother, to whom the superficial deference paid her by Harold is sufficient to outweigh the wrong he does to her daughter. There is too much affectation of moralizing and analysis of character throughout; and the style is partially injured by a sprinkling of Americanisms. Expressions like "gossiping around" and "the long-ago plans" should have no place in the vocabulary of an English writer.

"La Recherche d'un Pourquoi" is an excellent imitation of Gaboriau, but is somewhat spoilt as a story by the fact that the heroine, who is exhibited as the model of all the virtues, has no scruple about entering into an elaborate conspiracy to rob, and ultimately robbing with success, the unfortunate shareholders in an insurance office.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The long delayed *Report of the Deputy-Keeper of Public Records*—the *Thirty-ninth*—has at last been issued. It is signed by the late Sir Thomas Hardy. It reports that Mr. Bliss, the successor of Mr. Stevenson at the Vatican, has continued his researches, and transmitted ten bundles of transcripts; M. Armand Baschet has also transmitted ten parcels from Paris. Among the most important additions to the treasures in Fetter Lane are the Rolls relating to the Honor of Halton, which contain much new material. A Supplementary Report on the Shaftesbury Papers, by Mr. Noel Sainsbury, is printed in Appendix 5.

The first Diaries we have received this year come from Messrs. Bemrose, whose *Monthly Diary* and *Daily Calendar* deserve all praise. They also publish a Calendar garnished with texts. We have before now stated our dislike to such a use of the Bible.

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SON have issued extremely tasteful pocket editions of *Masterman Ready* and *Mrs. Gatty's Parables from Nature*.

We have on our table *Advanced English Grammar*, by T. Morrison (Collins).—*The Second Book of Xenophon's Anabasis*, edited by C. S. Jerram (Macmillan).—*The First Afghan War*, by M. Morris (Low).—*Diplomatic Sketches*, No. II. *General Von Bulow and the Danish Question*, by "An Outsider" (Bentley).—*The Beginning* (Trübner).—*Animal Chemistry*, by C. T. Kingzett (Longmans).—*Half-Hours of Blind Man's Holiday*, 2 vols., by W. W. Fenn (Low).—*Leaves from my Note-Book*, by An Ex-Officer of the Royal Irish Constabulary (Dean & Son).—*Lord Collingwood*, by W. Davies (Low).—*The Green Hand*, by G. Cupples (Routledge).—*In the Track of the Troops*, by R. M. Ballantyne (Nisbet).—*The Three Little Pigs went to Market* (Waterston).—*Pomegranates from the Punjab*, by A. L. O. E. (Gall & Inglis).—*Glenmorven*, by M. M. B. (Edinburgh Publishing Company).—*A False Step, The Prohibited Play*, by A. Matthison (French).—*Catholicity in its Relationship to Protestantism and Romanism*, by the Rev. F. C. Ewer (New York, Putnam).—*What is the Bible?* by J. T. Sunderland (New York, Putnam).—*Priestcraft and Progress*, by S. D. Headlam (Hodges). Among new Editions we have *Tales from Blackwood*, Part VII. (Blackwood).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Theology.
Chapters on Christian Catholicity, by a Clergyman, Svo. 5/- cl.
Jones's (R. C.) *A Book of Prayer in Thirty Orders of Worship*, 12mo. 2/- cl.
Shakespeare's (C.) *St. Paul at Athens*, Nine Sermons, 5/- *Fine Art.*
Baron Munchausen, his Adventures, with Coloured Plates, 10/- cl.
Dell's (J. H.) *Nature Pictures*, 4to. 21/- cl.
Poetry and the Drama.
German Poetry, for Repetition, edited by C. A. Buchheim, 3/- cl.
Heber's Poetical Works, Hutchison's Fugitive Poetry, 1800-1878, 12mo. 2/- each cl. (Chandos Classics).
Home's (F. W.) *Sons of a Wayfarer*, cr. Svo. 7/- cl.
Lessing's (G. E.) *Dramatic Works*, edited by E. Ball, Comedies, 12mo. 3/- cl. (Bohn's Standard Library).
Longfellow's (H. W.) *Excelsior*, illus. 4to. 3/- cl.
History and Biography.
Adams's (Rev. H. C.) *Wykehamia, a History of Winchester College, &c.*, cr. Svo. 10/- cl.
Diplomatic Sketches, by an Outsider, II. *General von Bulow*, 8vo. 5/- cl.
Dances in England (The), by Englebach, facp. 2/- cl.
Goetke's (C.) *English Reformation, How it Came About, &c.*, cr. Svo. 7/- cl.
Martineau's *History of England, 1800-1815*, 12mo. 3/- cl. (Bohn's Standard Library).
Geography and Travel.
Aylward's (A.) *Transvaal to-day*, Svo. 15/- cl.
Campion's (J. G.) *On Foot in Spain*, Svo. 16/- cl.
Philology.
Ayer's (A. C.) *Clivus, Elementary Exercises in Latin Elegiac Verse*, Part I, 12mo. 2/- cl.
Vaughan's (H. H.) *New Readings and New Renderings of Shakespeare's Tragedies*, Vol. I, Svo. 15/- cl.
Science.
Dyson's (C. E.) *Bird-Keeping Guide*, cr. Svo. 3/- cl.
Gegenbaur's (C.) *Elements of Comparative Anatomy*, translated by F. J. Bell, 8vo. 21 cl.
Gore's (G.) *Art of Scientific Discovery*, cr. Svo. 5/- cl.
Leffler's (Major C.) *Hygiene*, cr. Svo. 5/- cl.
Macnamara's (C.) *Clinical Lectures on Diseases of Bone*, 5/- cl.
Owen's (R.) *Memoirs of the Extinct Wingless Birds of New Zealand*, 2 vols. roy. 4to. 12/- bds.
Rucker's (G. M. T.) and Marshall's *Coal, its History and Uses*, edited by Prof. Thorpe, 8vo. 12/- cl.
Wild's (J. F.) *At Anchor, a Narrative of Experiences during the Voyage of H.M.S. Challenger*, fol. 75/- cl.
General Literature.
Adams's (W. H. D.) *Secret of Success*, cr. Svo. 5/- cl.
Aldrich's (T. B.) *Baby Bed*, 4to. 3/- cl.
Arnold's (A.) *Social Politics*, Svo. 14/- cl.
Aunt Louisa's *Golden Gift*, 4to. 5/- cl.
Beginnings (The), by Author of "New Pages of Natural History", cr. Svo. 4/- cl.
Bentley's Empire Series, viz.: *Land o' the Leal, A Very Simple Story*, and *Wild Mike*, by F. Montgomery; *A Blue Stocking*, by A. Edwards; *Ralph Wilson's Weird, Five Years' Penal Servitude, As he Comes up the Stair*, 2/6 each cl.
Brockway's (Miss) *Worth Doing*, cr. Svo. 2/- cl.
Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, 18mo. 2/- cl. (Chandos Classics).
Cradock's (Hon. Mrs.) *John Smith*, 2 vols. cr. Svo. 21/- cl.
Crane's (W.) *Baby's Bouquet*, 4to. 5/- cl.
Davidson's (E. A.) *Pretty Arts for the Employment of Leisure Hours*, 8vo. 6/- cl.
Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, illustrated by E. H. Wehnert, 5/- cl.
Dickens's (C.) *Adventures of Oliver Twist, Popular Library Edition*, cr. Svo. 3/- cl.
Eliot's (Geo.) *Works*, Cabinet Edition, Felix Holt, Vol. 2, 5/- cl.
Englebach's (A. H.) *The King's Warrant*, cr. Svo. 2/- cl.
Gabled Farm, or *Young Workers for the King*, by C. S. 3/- cl.
Halifax's (M. C.) *Among the Welsh Hills*, cr. Svo. 5/- cl.
Hawke's (Rev. H. R.) *Arrows in the Air*, cr. Svo. 6/- cl.
Johnson's (Mrs.) *The Bride Elect*, cr. Svo. 3/- cl.
Kemble's (F. A.) *Records of a Girlhood*, 3 vols. cr. Svo. 31/- cl.
Macquoid's (K.) *Elinor Dryden*, cr. Svo. 6/- cl.
Marryat's (A.) *Left to themselves*, cr. Svo. 3/- cl.
Mason's (Mrs. C.) *The Eve of St. Agnes*, 12mo. 2/- cl.
Master Bobby, by Author of "Christina North", 12mo. 3/- cl.

Palmer's (F.) *True under Trial*, cr. Svo. 3/- cl.
Picture-Book for Laddies and Lasses, cr. Svo. 3/- cl.
Rogers's (M.) *The Waverley Dictionary*, cr. Svo. 10/- cl.
Rose-Buds, by Author of "Our Valley", cr. Svo. 2/- cl.
Story of a Penitent Veteran, cr. Svo. 2/- cl.
Swiss Family Robinson, Translated by H. Frith, Coloured Illustrations, Svo. 7/- cl.
Vale's (M.) *For Pervual*, 2 vols. cr. Svo. 31/- cl.
Wakefield (Miss) *Mary, the Primrose Girl*, 12mo. 2/- cl.
Webster's (A.) *Housewife's Opinions*, cr. Svo. 1/- cl.

NOTES FROM THE UNITED STATES.

DESPITE the general cry of hard times, the publishers seem as busy as usual. There is a difference, however, which one who has observed the run of other seasons can discern. Their undertakings are somewhat less ambitious, and they are inclining rather to reprints than to original books. Some of the leading publishers told me that their most important fall issues were reprinted from the English. Among the new American books is one entitled 'Villages, and Village Life,' by Nathaniel Hillyer Eggleston. Mr. Eggleston has written with great good sense in the interest of country living. He deplores the American tendency to congregate in towns, which he attributes to the barrenness of country village life. He remarks that it has been said of the New Englanders especially that their only recreations are funerals. But this satire applies to the past. In the country village where I am passing my October—five hours from New York, and three hours from Boston—there is society as agreeable as that of an English cathedral town. There is an archery club, a book club a hall for amateur theatricals, and we have, least through the summer and autumn "evenings," dinners, flower-shows, picnics—entertainments enough, in short, to satisfy the most pleasure-loving.

It seems to me that it is not absence of recreation in villages that inclines the American to seek large towns. We are a nervously excitable people. We live in a keen and stimulating atmosphere, and there is something in the bustle and concentration of city life that attracts us. We like to be where our morning papers come to our breakfast-table, instead of travelling half a day by rail to find us in the afternoon. We like to hear the newest singer, or assist at the first night of a play. But since, after all, so many people must pass their lives in the country, will they or will they, Mr. Eggleston will do a good work if he helps to make country living pleasant. His suggestions for greater sociability and more fun deserve special attention in winter, since it is the habit of New England country villages to go to sleep with the first snow, and only wake up when the swallows homeward fly in the spring. Mr. Eggleston also urges the planting of trees and the building of houses with some individuality—houses which shall reflect the tastes and habits of their occupants. Of American country-house architecture, till within the last dozen years, the less said the better, and if the author of 'Villages and Village Life' could do away altogether with the ugly, square white house with green blinds, he would deserve well of his countrymen.

I believe all the publishers in America have fallen into the fashion of publishing "series." Henry Holt of New York was one of the earliest in the field with his "Leisure-Hour Series," and since then we have had the "Little Classic Series," the "Vest-Pocket Series," the "Cobweb Series," the "Town and Country Series," and Heaven knows how many more "series," of which perhaps the "No-Name Series" of Roberts Brothers has been the most talked about. Of course Harper & Brothers have followed the fashion, and have begun several different "series." One of them is called "Harper's Library of American Fiction," and of the latest of these novels I have a word to say.

It is entitled "Like Unto Like," and is written by a clever Southern woman, who hides herself under the writing name of "Sherwood Bonner." Hitherto our Southern brethren have contributed little to the memorable delights of American literature. Happily for them Poe was born south of Mason's and Dixon's line; but their list of

names to conjure with begins and ends with him. Now, I think, they have promise of a good storyteller in Sherwood Bonner, and I would recommend her book to an English audience, because of its really clever portraiture of life in the Southern States since the war of secession. To observe carefully and report graphically is no mean attainment; and of this Sherwood Bonner has proved herself capable. Like all Southerners she has an intense pride in the people among whom she was born. She says:—

"The people of Yariba were worthy of their town: could higher praise be given them? They had the immense dignity of those who live in inherited homes, with the simplicity of manner that comes of an assured social position. They were handsome, healthy, full of physical force, as all people must be who ride horseback, climb mountains, and do not lie awake at night to wonder why they were born. That they were Southerners was, of course, their first cause of congratulation. After a Northern tour they were glad to come home and tell how they were recognized as Southerners everywhere."

And into the mouth of Squire Barton, one of the best drawn of her characters, she puts this characteristic bit of self-glorification:—

"Yes, we're a good breed in Yariba," Squire Barton would say. "The Lord didn't skimp the cloth when He made us. Don't know that we deserve any credit. Grew up in the woods. Got a free sweep to our souls. Look at a Yankee, now. Shut up two-thirds of his time in a room—a hot, stuffy room! Why, his mind grows like it—full of angles and dark corners and cobwebs. But a Southern man's got all out-doors to grow in; so he is wide and clear and sweet-smelling. Liberal minded, too, to a fault."

The story turns on the loves of a Southern beauty, full of this overweening pride in her own section of the country, and a Northern Radical of the extremest sort. Both the girl and her lover are vigorously drawn, and, as a whole, the tale is freshly and tenderly told.

As a real public benefaction one ought to mention Harper's "Half-Hour Series,"—little 32mo. paper-covered books, very well printed, and sold at the extremely low price of a shilling each. In this form we get whole volumes of history, and some of the best one-volume English novels, such as "Janet's Repentance" and "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story."

D. Appleton & Co. publish series also, but theirs are of a weightier sort. The Appletons promise, for this autumn, a book on American Painters, with over eighty heliotype illustrations; a book about "Carlyle: his Life and his Theories," and a similar volume about Ruskin. The "Autobiography and Reminiscences of John Brougham" is also on their list, and so is a volume entitled "Lights of the American Stage." Then we are to have a book on "Social Etiquette in New York," with which, no doubt, you will be wicked enough to amuse yourselves. An Englishwoman, who had passed some years in Boston, told me it was her private belief that the people there all carried etiquette books in their pockets, and studied them whenever no one was looking. New Yorkers will have an opportunity of doing the same thing when this manual for their use appears.

At Scribner's they are expecting a great sale for the new novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett, of which they will begin the publication in the November number of their magazine—a month later, I believe, than it appears with you in *Macmillan*. Mrs. Burnett, though long resident in America, is an Englishwoman. She was born in Manchester, in 1849, and passed there the first fifteen years of her life. It was from the memories of these early years that she derived the admirable local colouring of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." "Haworth's" is also a Lancashire tale. Mrs. Burnett was, like Charlotte Brontë, a marvellous child. A recent sketch of her speaks of her resolution, at the age of seven, to become a novelist, and adds that she completed and published at eighteen a tale planned and

partly written at the age of thirteen. This first essay in fiction was a success, and was rapidly followed by many others. Some of these early stories have been recently reprinted without the author's permission, and much to her vexation, the only books of which she authorized the publication being "That Lass o' Lowrie's" and "Surly Tim, and Other Stories." Mrs. Burnett's husband is a man of ability in his own profession, that of an ophthalmic surgeon.

I have left myself no space in which to do more than chronicle one or two Boston publications. "A Masque of Poets" is just now going to press. Louisa M. Alcott, of "Little Women" fame, has just published "Under the Lilacs," a book sure to be reprinted in England. Roberts Brothers have brought out a volume of Josquin Miller's poems, entitled "Songs of Italy," all the poems in which are, I believe, included in "Songs of Far-away Lands," recently issued in London. H. H., a poetess who should be better known to English readers, has dropped into juvenile literature, and given the young folks a charmingly bright and fresh story of Colorado, entitled "Nelly's Silver Mine."

Houghton, Osgood & Co. promise a volume of poems by Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, the "Helen" of Edgar Allan Poe, of which I shall have more to say hereafter. From Bayard Taylor, our minister to Berlin, they have in the press "Prince Deukalion, a Dramatic Poem," treating of certain cardinal features in the development of Christianity. Another volume of poems from Houghton, Osgood & Co. is by our beloved Quaker poet, John G. Whittier, whose seventieth birthday was so widely celebrated last summer. It is entitled "The Vision of Eichard, and Other Poems," and includes all that Mr. Whittier has written since 1874.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THE COVERDALE BIBLE OF 1535.

MR. LOFTIE announces a discovery he made in the Library of the British Museum on the morning of the 9th of September last and which he apparently deems of considerable importance. It is to the effect that our first English Bible, called Coverdale's, was printed at Frankfort by Christian Egenolph in 1535. The proof lies in the identity of the woodcuts in the Coverdale Bible with those of "Little Master" Hans Sebald Beham, as well as in the identity of a font of Egenolph's type with that in the first English Bible. This is certainly a startling discovery, and is likely, if substantiated, to produce a revolution in our Bible history. As I last year brought forward in the Caxton Exhibition Catalogue some facts and reasons for believing that the same Bible was printed at Antwerp by or for Jacob Van Meteren, and inasmuch as both statements cannot be true, and as Mr. Loftie has several times used my name, I hope I may be pardoned if I reply.

Mr. Loftie says:—

1. The Bible cuts were published separately in 1535, 1536, 1537, and many and many subsequent years. But simultaneously, beginning also in 1535, there were published in England the various editions of the celebrated Coverdale Bible, embellished with the same cuts; and it is known that these cuts were in the possession of James Nicolson, the printer, because he used them in his other publications.

2. It is probably the existence of Beham's designs which gave rise to the theory that the rare first edition of the English Bible was printed at Frankfort.

3. To this theory I am content to give my assent,

4. because, so far, no better one has been put forward,

5. and because the type answers exactly to that of a font occasionally used by Egenolph.

6. It is of that beautiful and legible pattern, so like fine thirteenth century MS., which preceded the present hideous and blinding type in German books.

7. But against the Frankfort theory Mr. Stevens has recently put forward his "discovery" of the concern Van Meteren of Antwerp had in the production of Coverdale's Bible.

8. I confess that, even apart from the existence of the Frankfort theory, his arguments seem to me to fall very short of proving his case.

9. As indeed you pointed out when they were first made known.

10. I need not go into them here, except to quote the one sentence in which he notices and dismisses the cuts. "We do not, therefore," he says, "credit the oft-repeated story that they are the cuts of Hans Sebald Beham."

11. Not necessarily so. Frankfort was rejected by me many years ago after patient investigation with intelligent experts and on excellent circumstantial evidence, Hans Sebald being one of the chief witnesses. Antwerp is admitted on strong trustworthy historic testimony. The original designs of Hans Sebald Beham I admit, but reject the Antwerp copies on his cuts.

12. Unfortunately they are not to be got rid of by a stroke of Mr. Stevens's pen.

13. There are designs in the English Bible, and those designs are by Beham.

14. We cannot get over the fact, even in our desire to make it square with the Antwerp theory.

15. It is one of the very few facts about which there can be no kind of doubt.

16. The most elaborate system of proofs of a circumstantial character that the book was printed at any one of the half-dozen places some-

4. True, so long as Mr. Loftie calls it a *theory* it is as good as any other theory, but Antwerp is found by unimpeachable evidence to be the town.

5. Here we come to facts. I strenuously deny the assertion, from extensive study of the Coverdale and Egenolph types. They closely resemble each other, but are not, I think, identical. See below.

6. Irrelevant.

7. No; not against the Frankfort or any other theory. I put forward Antwerp and Van Meteren because I found them on historical grounds entitled to the credit.

8. No fault of the arguments.

9. Mr. Loftie must have misread the *Athenæum* on this point, for in No. 2694 Aug. 11, 1877, p. 181, col. 2, I read, "We cannot lend ourselves to this latter conclusion [that Van Meteren was himself also the original translator of our first Bible] 'out of Doncha and Latyn into English'; while we cordially accept the fact of Jacob Van Meteren having been the printer, and at Antwerp; and we congratulate Mr. Stevens and his readers upon the discovery." My claim was, and is, that the Coverdale Bible was printed at Antwerp in 1534-5, by or for Jacob Van Meteren, who in some capacity employed Miles Coverdale on the work.

10. Of the same opinion still.

11. Not necessarily so. Frankfort was rejected by me many years ago after patient investigation with intelligent experts and on excellent circumstantial evidence, Hans Sebald being one of the chief witnesses. Antwerp is admitted on strong trustworthy historic testimony. The original designs of Hans Sebald Beham I admit, but reject the Antwerp copies on his cuts.

12. Granted. A stroke of Mr. Loftie's pen will do as well. A few lines below (23) he says, "I found that the cuts in Coverdale's Bible are copies," &c. This is all I ever claimed. It ought to be manifest to any ardent bibliographer that an Antwerp pirated copy and a Frankfort original design are not likely to come from the same press.

13. Possibly; but that is not the point in dispute. If the Coverdale cuts are pirated copies of the Frankfort blocks, be the original designs the same or not, they are not identical blocks, and therefore may well have separate printers.

14. This, I conceive, is hardly fair. I abandoned Frankfort and Egenolph, Froschower and Zurich, Quintel and Cologne, and other towns and printers named by Bible historians, because I was not satisfied with the evidence. I took up with Antwerp and Van Meteren because I found historical grounds for doing so. Theory gave way to fact.

15. I never doubted that the beautiful Frankfort cuts were the original designs from which were taken the inferior and coarser Antwerp or Coverdale copies, but I do doubt their both coming from the same press of Egenolph.

16. I quite agree with Mr. Loftie here, and so stated in the Introduction to my little book called "The Bibles in the Caxton Exhibition," p. 37.

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17. A volume of cuts was printed at Frankfort in 1535, and the Coverdale Bible contains the same designs.

18. But here comes the question which I am anxious to solve. In common with all students of the subject, I had often seen both sets of cuts and never doubted their identity.

19. It does not seem to have occurred to any one to compare the 'Bibliotheque Historique' with the cuts in the Coverdale Bible.

20. I suppose Coverdale Bibles are scarce, and so are Beham's cuts. I do not believe the two volumes were ever actually compared till the morning of Tuesday, 9th September last, when, happening to have my Beham in my pocket, and happening also to meet a kind friend who is one of the heads of the British Museum, it occurred to me to ask his leave to bring the two ends of the chain of evidence together.

17. Yes, but not the same cuts. The designs are acknowledged to belong to Frankfort and to Egenolph. The copies are proved to have come from Antwerp and Van Meteren, and passed into the hands of Nicolson of Southwark.

18. But I have said, and once more repeat, that the designs of Hans Sebald and the Antwerp copies are identical. No doubt many students have seen both and compared them, coming to the same conclusion. Mr. Loftie seems to use the words 'cuts and designs' indiscriminately. If he never doubted the identity of the cuts then he cannot believe that the Coverdale set are copies, as he states below (23).

19. Mr. Loftie is mistaken. He has been long since anticipated.

20. More than thirty years ago Mr. Lea Wilson possessed a fine copy of the Coverdale Bible, and several of the earliest and rarest editions of Hans Sebald Beham's Bible cuts. I possess evidence of his comparing the cuts and Egenolph's type. These cuts and the Coverdale passed, I think in 1846 or 1847, into the hands of the late Mr. William Pickering, who possessed a copy of Egenolph's German Bible of 1534, and a large fragment of this or a rarer edition of 1533, I think. A comparison or study of the cuts and the type of the Coverdale Bible with these cuts and the type of Egenolph's Bibles, convinced him that Egenolph was the printer of our first English Bible. I still possess a book in which Mr. Pickering states this belief in Egenolph. On the fly-leaf of Lea Wilson's Coverdale Bible he wrote out the particulars of his conclusion through Beham's cuts and Egenolph's type. This Bible passed into Mr. Dun Gadianer's hands, and at his sale in 1854 I copied Mr. Pickering's note in favour of Frankfort and Egenolph as a curiosity, because I knew that in 1851-2 he had changed his mind, and become convinced that Egenolph was not the printer nor Frankfort the town. Beham's cuts and the type were found on close inspection to be not identical. The late Mr. Charles Whittingham and M. Firmin Didot, in 1851, as practical printers, assisted us in this investigation. It was deemed unlikely that any printer would have had at that time in his office two fonts of type and two sets of cuts so nearly alike, and yet not identical. So he abandoned that theory, and soon after his editions of Beham passed into my possession, together with the leaves of the rare Egenolph Bible. A part of these leaves are now in the Lenox Library, New York, and others belong to Mr. Fry, of Bristol. Thus Mr. Pickering, Mr. Lenox, Mr. Fry, and myself long ago abandoned the Frankfort theory on the very testimony of the Beham cuts and Egenolph type that appear to have converted Mr. Loftie so late as the 9th of September last, and led to his 'discovery.'

21. Prudent bibliographers are more cautious. So long ago as 1857 I put in print the above conclusions respecting Egenolph and Frankfort, and have never yet seen the necessity of withdrawing them.

22. This sentence is beyond my comprehension, but I presume it has been answered under some of the other paragraphs.

23. Here Mr. Loftie and I agree. The cuts in the Coverdale Bible are copies, identical in design, identical in every line, every blade of grass, every shadow, but copies, slightly but clearly inferior in minute details, espe-

cially of feature and expression, and everywhere coarser, rougher, and more indistinct.

24. I will not trouble you with an enumeration of the different blocks and their frequent repetitions, nor with the difficult question as to how such close copies were produced, but I will just note with respect to one, which does not occur among the Beham series, that Mr. Stevens cited it as a proof of the Dutch or Flemish origin of the edition. This is the large view, on the forty-first leaf, of the Tabernacle. The points of the compass are marked by the words, NORD, OOST, WEST, and SAIFT, the v and the j of SVIJD being printed upside down. But these words may very well be old German, while the fact that they were inserted in the block with type, as evidenced by the reversal of the two letters, leaves the question of the origin of the block itself untouched.

For the present here I leave the 'Frankfort theory,' merely remarking that Mr. Loftie appears not yet to have got to the bottom of Hans Sebald Beham's biography, or bibliography. The most interesting facts seem yet to come.

Now one word for Zürich and Froschover that have had their advocates since the days of Humphrey Wanley. Drs. Westcott and Eadie intimate that Dr. Ginsburg is the fortunate possessor of a German Bible printed by Froschover in the identical type of the Coverdale Bible. Indeed the learned doctor has himself told me as much. I can readily believe it, for it is possible, may probable. After the Emperor's famous Ordinance of 1529, Van Meteren might have found it easier and safer to procure his punches, matrices, or type in Zürich than in Antwerp. Lutheran printing, in which Protestant Bibles were specially included, became a dangerous business in Antwerp, and had to be conducted with great caution and secrecy. Witness the painful story of the Bible printer, Jacob van Liesvelt. If, then, Froschover printed a German Protestant Bible at Zürich in 1531, in a type he never used before or after, and if the Coverdale Bible, printed in 1534-5 secretly at Antwerp, for sale in England, is in the same type, never afterwards seen, may not Van Meteren have bought the punches of Froschover, and covered his tracks by destroying them when his work was over? At all events, the story of the type is becoming more and more interesting. I heartily congratulate Dr. Ginsburg, and venture to hope that he will soon favour the public with his report, and place his priceless volume where those who are interested in the subject may see it.

HENRY STEVENS, of Vermont.

** As Mr. Stevens corrected one misapprehension of our meaning, we may point out that Mr. Loftie is also in error when he states that "I was a little puzzled by the remark that Rosenberg's book already occupied my field of investigation, because I have enumerated and described not fewer than a hundred different prints or different states of which Rosenberg had never heard." But we said no such thing. In regretting that, by omitting to describe the woodcuts of Beham, Mr. Loftie had left his work half done, we said that materials for a catalogue of those cuts were to be found in collections of the works themselves, and in the books of Bartsch and Rosenberg. Mr. Loftie's "field of investigation" was not the woodcuts, but the "prints and etchings." How he dealt with them we stated, in brief, thus:—"So far as it goes, this book will be useful to amateurs."

22. It can hardly be said, except negatively, to strengthen Mr. Stevens's position, but it is confirmatory of his refusal to "credit the oft-repeated story."

23. I found that the cuts in Coverdale's Bible are copies, identical in design, identical in almost every line, every blade of grass, every shadow, but copies, slightly but clearly inferior in minute details, espe-

Literary Gossip.

It is understood that the publishing business of Messrs. Dalry, Isbister & Co. will be conducted in the future as a joint-stock company, under the name of Messrs. William Isbister & Co. (Limited). The new firm have acquired possession of the very valuable copyrights of *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine*.

M. RENAN writes to a Correspondent with reference to the statement in the daily papers that he is searching at Lyons for documents concerning the early propagation of Christianity in Gaul:

"Je ne m'étonne pas que mes recherches aux archives de Lyon pour y trouver des pièces de St. Pothin ou de St. Irénée vous aient causé quelque surprise. Le vrai, c'est que j'ai été à Lyon pour me fixer sur la topographie des martyrs de l'an 178 racontés dans la célèbre lettre aux Eglises d'Asie. Voilà qui est bien plus modeste, n'est-ce pas; aussi ai-je réussi pleinement à me satisfaire."

Of the thirteen candidates selected under the new regulations for the Indian Civil Service, ten have gone to Balliol College, one to Christ Church, one to Clare College, Cambridge, and one to Trinity College, Dublin. The Master of Balliol, it may be remembered, offered, before the examination, to receive ten of the successful competitors. The advent of one of them at Cambridge has necessitated the appointment of a University Lecturer in Telugu.

THE Commissioners for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge held a joint meeting last Thursday.

THE only daughter of Thomas Hood the poet, Frances Freeland Broderip, died on the 3rd inst., at Clevedon, in the forty-ninth year of her age. In conjunction with her brother, the late editor of *Fun*, the deceased wrote the life of her father, the immortal author of 'The Song of the Shirt.' The husband of Mrs. Broderip, the Rev. John Somerville Broderip, M.A., Rector of Cossington, Somerset, died some years ago.

MR. WILLIAM H. TURNER'S 'Calendar of Charters and Rolls preserved in the Bodleian Library' (under the direction of the Rev. H. Cox, Bodley's Librarian) will be out in a few days (by the Clarendon Press). These charters constituted formerly the collections of Anthony a Wood, Roger Dodsworth, Ralph Thoresby, Thomas Martin, Thomas Tanner, Bishop of St. Asaph; Dr. Richard Rawlinson, Richard Furney, Archdeacon of Surrey; and Richard Gough. In the Preface the compiler points out the importance of those documents for the history of Oxford and its colleges, and of some of the surrounding places. There are also documents of importance for English history in general. Such are, for instance, the two wardrobe account orders, under the hand of Queen Mary, to Sir Edward Waldegrave, Kt., where the names of Will Somers and Jane the Fool occur. Some of the seals attached to the charters seem to be unique specimens of their kind.

AT the monthly meeting of the Library Association, held at the London Institution on Friday, the 1st inst., a paper on 'Economical Suggestions in the Preparation of Printed Catalogues' was read by Mr. Welch, who contended that by printing a score of copies of very full titles of the books a complete alpha-

betical card catalogue might be made for use in the Library itself, while a hand list of brief one-line titles might be printed for the outside public. The card catalogue, as is well known, has the great advantage of admitting every book newly acquired into its right place in the alphabet at once and for ever; it may also include subjects as well as authors in one orderly arrangement. The inconvenience arising from the endeavour of many persons together consulting such a catalogue placed in drawers or boxes was pointed out in the discussion that ensued, and the economy of the plan was seriously called in question.

At a meeting of the Council of the Index Society on Tuesday Mr. Payne exhibited a portion of his index to the Northumberland and other Household Books. A specimen of a biographical index by Prof. Mayor of Cambridge was also shown. The first three publications for the current year: 1, What is an Index? 2, Index to the Royalists whose estates were confiscated, and 3, List of Ancient Municipal Officers in England were reported to be nearly ready, while the fourth book for the first year's subscription, a Handbook to the literature of Botany, is kept back for a time, in consequence of the author's indisposition.

PROF. RHYS is going to lecture at Oxford this term on the *Mabinogion*. Prof. Beal proposes to deliver his second lecture 'On the Homeric and Buddhist Legends,' on Tuesday next (the 12th inst.), at 3 o'clock P.M., at University College, London. Admission free.

THE first volume of the projected complete edition of Edwin Waugh's works, 'The Chimney Corner,' is to be ready before Christmas. It will consist of a series of sketches and tales not hitherto published in a collected form. Messrs. Abel Heywood & Son, of Manchester, are the publishers.

MR. JOHN EVANS, of Manchester, is writing 'Memorials of St. John's Church Manchester,' one of the most interesting ecclesiastical edifices in that city. The work will be illustrated by local artists. The church in question has many attractive associations, literary and otherwise, connected with its history.

THE Rev. Robert Burn, of Trinity College, Cambridge, the author of the excellent treatise on 'Rome and the Campagna,' has in preparation a smaller volume on the same subject. It will be adapted for the use of travellers who wish to examine the remains of ancient Rome and to trace the history of the city by the light of recent explorations.

THE Mahārāne Surnomoyee, who has recently been invested with the insignia of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, not content with having spent more than five lakhs of rupees in one year for the promotion of education and the relief of distress in her own country, has just sent two thousand rupees to Prof. Monier Williams, as a contribution towards the erection of the proposed Indian Institute at Oxford.

WE are glad to learn from M. Renan's last report on Oriental publications in France in the year 1877-78, which has just appeared in the July number of the *Journal Asiatique*, that he will continue his interesting reports for five years more.

Of the series of books for popular reading which Messrs. Strahan advertise the following volumes are nearly ready:—'The Flowers of the Sky,' by R. A. Proctor (Scientific section); 'The Girls of the Square,' by Mrs. Robert O'Reilly; 'Marquise and Rosette,' by the Baroness Martineau de Chesney; 'Roughing it in Van Diemen's Land,' by Edward Howe; 'The Romance of a Farmyard,' by Beata Francis (Young Folks section); 'Work among Working Men,' by Ellice Hopkins; 'The Story of Ten Thousand Homes,' by Mrs. Robert O'Reilly; 'Dora's Boy,' by Mrs. Ellen Rose; 'James Duke the Costermonger,' by William Gilbert (Social and Domestic section); 'Life by the Fells and the Fiords,' by Bjornsterne Bjornson (Travels section); 'An Apology for the Nerves, with other Apologies,' by Matthew Browne (Belles Lettres section); and 'The Shadow of the Sword,' by Robert Buchanan (Story section).

THE first volume of Mr. Talboys Wheeler's 'History of India' has been translated into French by Mons. le Capitaine Victor Gauvain, of the Messageries Maritimes. It will be published in Paris on the translator's return from his present Indian voyage. This work was undertaken some years ago, but its completion was prevented by the Franco-Prussian war. M. Gauvain is greatly interested in Indian literature, having already published a French translation of Bishop Bigandet's 'Life of Gautama.'

MADAME MOHL is going to reprint her late husband's yearly reports on Oriental literature, contributed to the *Journal Asiatique*, in one volume. It will be preceded by a translation by M. Bréal of Prof. F. Max Müller's notice on the life of Mohl, published lately in the *Contemporary Review*.

PROF. NETTLESHIP will be the Oxford Editor of the *Journal of Philology*.

MR. WILLIAM DAVIES writes:—

"Will you kindly permit me to point out through your columns an advertisement which I see of a volume published by Messrs. Pickering & Co., entitled 'Songs of a Wayfarer.' This is the exact title of a volume of verses published by myself a few years ago. (Reviewed in the *Athenæum*, No. 2190.) I do not know if the title of a book be copyright or not; but in any case it must be considered very questionably judicious to adopt one already appropriated."

MR. EDWARD BURNHAM, of Cambridgeport, has presented to the Historical Society of Massachusetts the manuscript orderly-book of Colonel Hutchinson, which contains the general orders of the Continental army from the 13th of August, 1775, to the 8th of July, 1776. It is a curious coincidence that the parole on the 3rd of July, 1776, was "Independence," and the countersign "Prosperity," and that on the 4th of July, the day of Declaration of Independence, the parole was "Colonies," and the countersign "Free."

MR. JOHN HODGES has in the press the first of three volumes of 'Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty and the Reformation Period,' by S. Hubert Burke, author of 'The Men and Women of the Reformation.'

MRS. MORTIMER COLLINS will this month bring out a new edition of her husband's book, 'The British Birds: a Communication from the Ghost of Aristophanes.' This work has been for some time out of print, and second-

hand copies have fetched four times their original price.

THE *New York Herald* will welcome the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise to the North American Continent by devoting nearly an entire number to elaborate personal details about the lives of themselves, with comments on the "centuries of blue blood" which flows in their veins.

A NEW edition of Dr. Jessopp's work, 'One Generation of a Norfolk House,' will be ready in a few weeks; it is to be issued in 8vo. Mr. Oates is the publisher.

MESSRS. REMINGTON & CO. are about to publish a new poem by Mr. B. Montgomerie Ranking, entitled 'Bjorn and Bera,' founded on a Scandinavian legend.

THE *Theologische Literatur Zeitung* contains an article by Dr. E. Lehmann on the probabilities of an invasion of Germany by Anglo-American Methodism. The author analyzes the labours of the meetings at Oxford and Brighton in 1874 and 1875, and says that the Church in Germany ought to arm itself against the propaganda of the so-called "Albrechtsleute."

WE may mention books and essays relating to Oriental literature: Baer's critical edition of the Hebrew text of the Minor Prophets; Dozy's fourth fasciculus of the 'Supplément aux Dictionnaires Arabes'; Lepsius's 'Die Babylonisch-Assyrischen Längenmasse nach der Tafel von Senkereh,' and Schrader's 'Die Namen der Meere in den assyrischen Inschriften' (both in the *Transactions of the Berlin Academy*); 'Agni nach den Vorstellungen des Mahābhārata,' by Dr. A. Holtzmann; 'Aogemadaēa ein Pārsentractat in Pāzend, Altbaktrisch und Sanskrit,' with glossary, by Dr. W. Geiger; and the first fasciculus of Ernst von Bergmann's 'Hieroglyphische Inschriften gesammelt während einer in Winter 1877-78 unternommenen Reise in Ägypten.'

THE J. G. Cotta publishing house in Stuttgart, which is in possession of the famous original portrait of Goethe painted by May in 1779, has caused it to be photographed.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—

"An important document for the history of the Reformation has just been discovered by Her Jacobs, in the great Library at Wernigerode, renowned for its immense hymnological collection. The discovery is nothing less than the original of the so-called 'Marburger Agenda,' drawn up by Luther himself, which since the year 1604 had only been known through a few citations."

THE French so seldom return the compliment which we liberally pay them of translating their comedies, that *Blackwood* will feel gratified by the reproduction in the Paris *Figaro* of the comedietta 'Apples,' which appeared in its columns a few months ago. The writer was Mr. Julian Sturgis, the author of 'John-a-Dreams,' to whom the *Figaro* makes the following allusion in introducing the translation to the readers:—"Elle (la comédie) a pour auteur un jeune écrivain de talent nommé Julian R. Sturgis, et elle a paru dans le *Blackwood Magazine*, revue qui tient dans le monde littéraire Anglais une place analogue à celle de la *Revue des Deux Mondes* en France."

VARIOUS rumours have been set afloat to the effect that the proprietors of the *City Press*, are about to publish that paper daily.

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We are requested to state that no change whatever from the present bi-weekly issue is in contemplation.

THE CURATORS of the Bodleian Library have entrusted the Rev. William Dunn Macray, M.A., with the compilation of the Catalogue of the Latin MSS. which have not been catalogued by Mr. Cox, viz., the Digby and Bodleian collections, with some late additions.

THE first publication of the Folk Lore Society is nearly completed at press and will be issued before Christmas. It will contain a curious collection of Superstitions lingering in West Sussex; a paper by Mr. Ralston on Folk Tales; and one on the Folk Lore of France, by Mr. Lang; some Japanese Popular Tales; some Superstitions of Hidatsa Indians, by Dr. Tylor; and Notes on Chaucer's *Night Spell*, by Mr. Thoms.

SCIENCE

Water and Water Supply, chiefly in Reference to the British Islands. By Prof. D. T. Ansted, F.R.S. (Allen & Co.)

IN February, 1868, the Institution of Civil Engineers discussed, during four evenings, the important subject of the fresh water floods of rivers; occasion being given by the reading of a paper by Lieut.-Col. O'Connell, R.E., who proposed a general formula of flood discharge in relation to rainfall. Most contradictory opinions were then expressed by different members. Capt. E. R. James, R.E., said that the useful compilations of Mr. G. J. Symons on Rainfall had led him to endeavour to establish a relation between the rainfall over a river basin and the outfall to the sea. His experiments commenced in 1864 with the River Eden, near Carlisle, and were attended with the anomalous result that the outflow appeared to exceed the rainfall. Observations on the River Wey, at Guildford, in 1867, on the contrary, only accounted for one-third of the rainfall of a district of 230 miles as passing off by the channel of the river. The general outcome of the debate was, as expressed by Mr. Beardmore, the recognition of the importance of the collation of all the facts with reference to the meteorological conditions of river basins. Mr. Ansted, one of the speakers, remarked that sufficient attention had not been paid by the engineers and surveyors who prepared the Ordnance maps of the country to the survey of drainage areas, and to the estimate of the quantity of water that flowed over these areas as compared with the discharge when it entered the sea, and at different points of the rivers. Mr. G. J. Symons said that he would look after the registration of the rainfall of the various watersheds of England, if any member of the Institution would look after the outfall registration. In the course of the discussion, a remarkable letter from the then Emperor of the French to the Minister of Public Works on the subject of the floods in France was read, in which the formation of dykes for the prevention of floods was recommended by the writer, and the desire was expressed that the management of all the great rivers of France should be committed to one competent person.

In November, 1870, another discussion on the same subject arose in the same place, on

the reading of a paper on the supply of water to Paisley. The main points brought out on this occasion were the statements made by Mr. Hawkesley to the effect that the average rainfall of three minimum years had been observed to be one-sixth less than the general average, and that evaporation of water in England ranges from ten to eighteen inches per annum. On the Paisley gathering ground, out of an average rainfall of 57.6 inches, 12.72 inches only were lost, according to one calculation, and 15.07 according to another. The contours and geological character of the ground were not given.

We have referred to these recent occasions on which the subject of water and water supply has been discussed by the body of men who in this country are the most fitted by their pursuits to form correct opinions on the subject for this reason. Since public attention has recently been directed, and not without ample reason, towards the condition of our inland waters, the appearance of a book from the hands of a writer whose object "it is to bring together, in a convenient form, knowledge obtained by research of various kinds in many departments of chemistry, meteorology, geology, and engineering," is pretty sure to lead the inexpert reader—and for the matter of that the inexpert reviewer—to the conclusion that Prof. Ansted has dealt thoroughly with the subject, and given the world a standard work with which it may rest content. It would be extremely mischievous if such an idea were to prevail. As a contribution to the knowledge of the actual conditions, meteorological and physical, of the water supply of England, the book contains little that is definite, and nothing that is new. We do not blame the writer for this. It is out of the power of any man, without the devotion of a lifetime and a fortune to the subject, to anticipate the information which is to be acquired only by that great desideratum of the day, a hydrological survey of England. It is to the *Transactions* of the Institution of Civil Engineers that we must chiefly look for what is really known on the subject, and Prof. Ansted has freely availed himself of this source of information. His work consists, in fact, of two parts. The first, second, third, and eighteenth chapters treat of the physical properties of water, of rainfall, evaporation, and percolation; of drainage areas, rivers, and river basins; and of river beds, river banks, and the result of their action. These chapters go over much the same ground as that already trodden by Mr. Bailey Denton and other writers on sanitary engineering; the chief novelty being an exceedingly effective disproof of the wild imagination of Dr. Franklin about the "previous sewage contamination of water," which has done so much to discredit more sound and practical efforts at reform. The remaining fourteen chapters, illustrated by an outline map, and by eighteen maps of drainage areas, follow with pretty close accuracy the lines laid down in the first public proposal made for a sanitary survey of England, which will be found in the *British Quarterly Review* for July, 1873. Of the ten natural outfall provinces there delineated, Prof. Ansted has adopted six, without either alteration or acknowledgment. The only difference with regard to the other four is the alteration

(which is the reverse of an improvement) of

ranking all the Welsh rivers, from the Usk to the Dee, under the outfall of the Severn,—an arrangement inconsistent with any principles of either hydrological, geological, or topographical order,—and the consequent grouping of the Mersey with the Westmoreland and Cumberland rivers. The groups thus formed are described with patient detail as to their topographical features alone. Prof. Ansted does not state whence the information is derived; but it is such as any person familiar with the study could collect from the Ordnance maps. In fact the 6-inch Ordnance Survey supplies some points omitted by Prof. Ansted, such as the name of "a feeder coming from the south" and falling into the Wey below Godalming, which is the Tilling brook. For topographical convenience these chapters may be useful for ready reference; but as to the facts which are required by the hydraulic engineer they are almost totally silent. It is open to question how far this kind of work, which would be highly commendable for a Gazetteer, is in place in a book described by the author as "an attempt to bring together for the use of practical men an outline of the facts bearing on water supply."

We should suggest that a volume on that subject should start with calling attention to the primary difference between the river, fed from pervious strata, and the torrent, rushing from impermeable ground; and to the frequent combination of the two systems, as in the case of the Nile and the Atbara, the Parana and the Uruguay, the Thames and the Brent. The parabolic curves which the French hydrologists have shown to regulate the general profile of the rivers of the world, and the several actions of the zones of erosion, of compensation, and of deposit, might receive appropriate application and illustration. The actual state of our knowledge as to rainfall should be described, and its source, namely, the untiring perseverance of Mr. G. J. Symons, properly acknowledged; the volumetric facts acquired should be stated, and the sources of the information indicated; the work of the engineer on the modification of inland and the exclusion of invading sea waters should be mapped out; and the indication of the need of the completion of our knowledge, by the connexion of meteorological, geological, and volumetric observations, would then complete a practical treatise on the water supply of England.

Bible Plants: Their History; with a Review of the Opinions of Various Writers regarding their Identification. By John Smith. (Hardwicke & Bogue.)

MR. SMITH'S long experience as Curator of the Royal Gardens, Kew, afforded him many opportunities for ascertaining and appreciating the wants of the general public in matters concerning the identification of the plants mentioned in the Bible. At the same time his official position gave him exceptional means of satisfying popular demands. He has, therefore, solaced the long hours of darkness and advancing age by preparing, with the help of amanuenses, the present little volume. In many cases exact identification is not to be expected—plants were spoken of in a general, not a specific sense—and in such instances it is mere laborious trifling to seek to give precision to what was purposely vague. In other instances the identification turns upon niceties of grammatical construction, or philological minutiae into the details of which the author makes no claim to enter. Lastly, botanical knowledge is requisite, and this is what our author eminently possesses.

He, at least, is not likely to fall into the once common error of identifying the plants of Palestine with those of Europe. On the contrary, his great knowledge of plants affords a guarantee for the value and utility of the unpretending volume before us. Some lithographic illustrations are given, but unluckily the references to them are omitted, so that the unbotanical reader may have a difficulty in ascertaining what plants they are intended to represent.

TIDAL OBSERVATIONS IN INDIA.

SOME years ago the late Dr. Oldham, being then Superintendent of the Geological Survey of India, recommended that systematic tidal observations should be made to ascertain whether, as had been alleged, secular changes in the relative level of the land and sea were going on in various parts of the Bombay Presidency. It was arranged that operations should be commenced in the Gulf of Cutch, and tidal observations of a few weeks' duration only would have been made had not Col. Walker, Superintendent of the Great Trigonometrical Survey of India, while at the meeting of the British Association at Edinburgh in 1871, heard that the proposed observations would be quite useless to detect the existence of minute secular changes in the relations of land and sea, and that no conclusive results could be obtained unless the observations were carried over a period of rather more than a year at the commencement, and a corresponding period at the close of the investigations.

With the sanction of the Secretary of State for India, Lieut. (now Capt.) Baird, R.E., then in England on furlough, was deputed to study the practical details of the mode of tidal registration, and of the harmonic analysis of the observations which were recommended and practised by the Tidal Committee of the British Association.

Self-registering tide gauges, by Adie, of new construction, having a chronometer escapement instead of a pendulum, were provided, and as no tidal registrations can be deemed complete without simultaneous registrations of the condition of the atmosphere, self-registering barometers and anemometers were also provided.

After a month's cruising and searching along the muddy foreshores of the gulf, three stations were chosen: Nawanar Point, Hanstal Point, and Okha Point, and the tidal wells necessitated by the nature of the locality were sunk. Temporary observatories were erected, and amid many difficulties the observations were begun. Access to the stations could be had only by means of native sailing vessels, or by wading through a long and wearisome circuit across the Runns of Cutch, which, during the monsoon, is covered with water. All the building materials, the food and fresh water for the observing parties, had to be brought from long distances; but from 1873 to 1875 observations were carried on, bench marks were established for future reference, and the stations were connected by a series of levelling operations extending with branch lines, over 300 miles. The observatories were dismantled; but the iron cylinder wells were filled with dry sand, and otherwise protected, so as to be available when a second series of observations shall be undertaken.

The records of the observations were brought to England to be reduced and analyzed at the Nautical Almanac Office, and when completed the results will be published. Meanwhile we learn from a statement by Capt. Waterhouse in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* that eleven ports, ranging from Aden to Rangoon and Port Blair, are likely to be chosen as stations for future observations. Should these be properly carried out, the question as regards changes of level may be relieved of some of its present obscurity, and with equally good results from other parts of the world there would be means of arriving at a better knowledge of the law of tides than we have at present. This is of essential importance, for, as Capt. Waterhouse remarks, it "is expected to lead to an evaluation of the mass of the moon, to definite information regarding the

rigidity of the earth, to an approximation of the depth of the sea from the observed velocities of tide-waves, to the determination of the retardation of the earth's rotation due to tidal friction, and also to the various practical benefits which necessarily accrue from accurate predictions of the height of the tide at any given time."

GEOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

MR. KEITH JOHNSTON starts on his African expedition on the 14th of this month.

Signor d'Albertis, the distinguished explorer of New Guinea, will be present at the meeting of the Geographical Society next Monday, when a paper of his will be read. Signor d'Albertis made no less than three voyages to New Guinea. In the second he penetrated up the chief river of the island, the Fly river, for 500 miles, to the foot of the great interior mountain range, therefore to the very centre of the broadest part of New Guinea. The population in the interior is very scanty. In 1872 he ascended Mount Arfak behind Port Dorey to the height of 5,000 feet.

Commander Selfridge, of the United States Navy, who has already distinguished himself by his surveys of the routes for the oceanic canal across the Isthmus of Panama, has recently surveyed the lower Amazon as far as the Madeira river, and that stream itself up to the first falls.

The Russian papers announce N. A. Severtsof's return from the Pamir plateau. Early in the year the Russian traveller had explored the eastern spurs of the Thian Shan, to the north of the river Naryn. Granite and rocks belonging to the Silurian formation predominate there; evidence of a glacial period exists abundantly; and what is of greater importance from a practical point of view, there exist rich deposits of coal and rock-salt.

On the 17th of July the expedition left Osh for the Alai. Severtsof himself, accompanied by Dr. Kushkevich, the botanist of the expedition, and by Lieut. Rudnief, crossed by the Archat Pass, whilst Lieut. Skassy travelled by way of the Taldyk Pass, and Skornyakof crossed the Karakazak Pass a considerable distance to the west. The members of the expedition met again at the confluence of the Kizil Su and the Kityn Yart river, and thence proceeded to Lake Karakul on the Pamir plateau, the leader travelling by an eastern route, which brought him across the head-streams of the Kashgar Darya, whilst the others pursued the direct road. Lieut. Rudnief, whose health had suffered much in consequence of the great cold, was sent back from the Kara Kul in charge of the zoological and botanical collections. Severtsof himself left Kara Kul on the 15th of August, and it was his intention to push his way as far as Wood's Victoria Lake, in lat. $37^{\circ} 30' N.$ In this he failed, but he succeeded in reaching the Rang Kul, the Sariz, and Alichur Pamirs, and in exploring a considerable portion of the valley of the Ak Su or Upper Oxus.

Col. Mayef has returned from a trip through a portion of Eastern Bokhara, the second made by him in the course of last season. In the course of twenty days (August 21st to September 10th) he travelled from Karshi to Khuzar; explored a new road thence to Shirabad, which led over the Ak Bash Pass, through the valley of the Kerchak Darya and the Kuitan Tau; ascended the valley of the Surhan to Saryjui; and returned over the Sengri Dagh. This latter portion of his route proved exceedingly difficult, the path, in many places, leading along a ledge of rock, overhanging the foaming waters of the Sengri Dagh Darya, and hardly two feet in width.

The October number of the *Revue de Géographie*, by M. Drapeyron, contains amongst others an article on the geographical department of the Anglo-Saxon race in the Paris Exhibition. The activity of Canada in this department is much praised. Also an interesting extract from the *Golos*, entitled 'Un Article du Golos sur les Routes Stratégiques conduisant de la Russie vers l'Inde,' divided into two parts, viz., "Route de Merv" and "Route de Kaboul." The 'Nouvelles Géographiques' begin with the following lines,

"*L'Athenæum*, qui est incontestablement l'organe le plus autorisé et le plus illustre de l'Angleterre pour tout ce qui concerne les œuvres de l'esprit, a fait à la *Revue de Géographie* l'accueil le plus cordial et le plus flatteur."

Mr. Alfred Franklin has in the press a book entitled 'Les Anciens Plans de Paris, Fac simile, Notices, Nomenclatures et Notes,' which will appear in the "Collection Historique des Bibliophiles Parisiens."

The Afghan crisis has led to the production of several maps of Afghanistan and the Indian frontiers, but fortunately none that we have as yet seen is so unsatisfactory as Mr. Wyld's. To say that his "Map of Afghanistan, Cabul, the Punjab, Rajpootana and the River Indus" is out of date, is very mild criticism; it appears to be a map at least thirty or forty years old, but with a very few additions inserted, such as railways, &c. It would be a profitless task to go over it and point out the innumerable instances of erroneous topography: suffice it to say that even for school-children it would be unsuitable, for young people are usually taught to look upon Afghanistan and Kashmir as very mountainous countries, but no one would ever divine that they were so from an inspection of Mr. Wyld's map. It is a pity to see such a publication emanate from an English cartographer, for it is this sort of work which makes competent judges draw unfavourable comparisons between English and foreign geographers.

Whalers recently returned from Bering Strait report the occurrence of volcanic eruptions on Amukta, Chegula, and Umnak, three of the Aleutian islands. On Unalashka an earthquake destroyed the village of Makushin on the 29th of August.

By a commercial treaty between the Samoa islands and the United States the latter have obtained possession of the harbour of Apia, the finest of the archipelago, as a coaling station. Capt. Werner, of the German man-of-war Ariadne, looked upon this cession as an infringement of the commercial treaty with Germany, which assures to the latter the treatment of the most favoured nation, and, without previously referring to his Government, took possession, on the 4th of July, of the villages Falealaei and Falealili on the south coast of Upolu.

Prof. Dufour, of Morges, has communicated to the Société Vaudoise des Sciences Naturelles an account of observations from which we learn that the great Rhone glacier has not escaped the shrinkage which for some years has been going on among the glaciers in other parts of Switzerland. In order to ascertain the amount of advance or retreat, he, in 1870, aided by Prof. Forel, made a map of the lower extremity of the glacier, which was then far in the rear of the moraines of 1856 and 1818. The observations of 1871 showed that the shortening continued, and it went on irregularly until in 1874 it amounted to 260 mètres, from which date down to August, 1877, it was not more than 120 mètres. These measures give the average of diminution, but reckoning from the lowest point of 1870 the maximum recession is 500 mètres. At the same time the lateral shrinkage has been active, and patches of land which had been covered with ice from time immemorial are now laid bare. Prof. Dufour is of opinion that the retrogression will still go on, and he points out that the recent decrease exceeds all that has been known within the history of the glacier. In 1777 the foot of the ice was 230 mètres distant from the lowermost, or most ancient moraine. In 1877 the distance had increased to 900 mètres.

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Nov. 4.—C. W. Siemens, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Miss E. Forster, Hon. R. Russell, Messrs. C. T. Denton, A. W. Holmes, and F. S. Shenstone were elected Members.

SOCIETY OF ENGINEERS.—Nov. 4.—Mr. R. P. Spice, President, in the chair.—A paper, 'On

Harbour Bars, their Formation and Removal,' by Mr. H. F. Knapp, of New York, was read.

SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL ARCHAEOLOGY.—Nov. 5.—Dr. S. Birch, President, in the chair.—Mr. Cust's Report of his having attended as the Delegate of the Society at the Oriental Congress at Florence was read; as was also the following paper, 'On the Bronze Gates of Shalmaneser II., discovered by Mr. Rassam at Balawat,' Part II., by Mr. T. G. Pinches.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Royal Academy, 8.—'Chemistry,' Mr. F. S. Barff. Geographical, 8.—'Opening Address, Sir H. C. Cook; 'Journey up the Fly River, and in other parts of New Guinea,' Mr. L. M. d'Albertis.
TUES.	Anthropological Institute, 8.—'Report on Anthropological Proceedings at the Oriental Congress,' Mr. R. N. Cust; 'Character tattooed on a Mota Woman,' Mr. J. P. Harrison; 'American Illustrations of the Evolution of New Varieties of Men,' Prof. D. Wilson.
WED.	Civil Engineers, 8.—'The River Lagan and Harbour of Belfast,' Mr. T. R. Salmon; 'Whiteman Harbour and Dock Works,' Mr. J. E. Williams.
THURS.	Literature, 4.—'Council.'
FRI.	Medical, 8.—'Further Inquiry into the Limits of Microscopic Vision and the Delusive Application of Fraunhofer's Optical Law of Vision,' Dr. R. Piggott; 'Measurement of the Angle of Aperture of Objectives,' Mr. F. H. Wenham. Telegraph Engineers, 8.—'Cable-grappling and Cable-lifting,' Mr. Jameson.
SAT.	Historical, 8.—Annual Meeting, President's Inaugural address.
SUN.	Royal Academy, 8.—'Chemistry,' Mr. F. S. Barff. Mathematical, 8.—'Instability of Jets,' Lord Rayleigh; 'Self-strained Frame of Six Joints,' Prof. M. W. Travers.
FRI.	Philological, 8.—'Report on the Congress of Orientalists at Florence,' Messrs. E. L. Brandreth and R. N. Cust; 'Classification of Word-Meanings, Part I.,' Mr. H. Sweet.

Science Cossy.

We are glad to learn that a scheme, proposed by Mr. Maxwell Hall (already well known for his observations at his own observatory at Montego Bay), is likely to be carried out for the establishment of a central West India Observatory on the hills near Kingston, Jamaica. The scheme includes astronomical observations with distribution of time signals, and meteorological with diffusion of storm-warnings in the islands of the West Indies. Their situation, near the Gulf of Mexico, the turning-point of the Gulf Stream, makes them peculiarly important as a meteorological station, and the course of that stream will probably make such warnings very valuable on the eastern coasts of the United States.

THERE has been much excitement respecting the announcement, somewhat prematurely made, by Mr. Edison of his power of multiplying indefinitely the illumination points of an electrical current. Messrs. Brewer & Jensen have during the past week made an application at the Patent Office for "provisional protection." Six months may, therefore, elapse before a complete specification is deposited, or the public informed of the nature of Mr. Edison's invention.

The largest diamond hitherto found at the Cape is the "Spalding" diamond, found in the river diggings some years since, which weighed 288½ carats. At Dutoitspan fields another large diamond has been recently found, weighing 244 carats, which is said to be free from flaws, and will cut well.

UNDER the title *Mittheilungen aus der Zoologischen Station zu Neapel, zugleich ein Repertorium für Mittelmeerkunde*, Dr. Dohrn, Director of the Zoological Station at Naples, has commenced the publication of papers contributed by the officers of the establishment, and by foreign naturalists who resort thither for study. The first part of the first volume contains a report for the period 1876-1878, and new researches on Pycnogonidae by the Director, three papers by Schmidtlein, and four others by different authors. Dr. Dohrn intimates that he aims at quality rather than quantity, and judging from the present specimen there seems reason to hope that our knowledge of natural history and the repertory of the Mediterranean will both be enlarged. The papers are illustrated by woodcuts and lithographs. Engelmann of Leipzig is the publisher.

We learn that the necessity is strongly felt for extending the curriculum of Sydney University and for augmenting its teaching powers. The Colonial Government have resolved to ask Par-

liament for an additional annual grant of 5,000/. This will enable the Senate to add to the present course of study mental philosophy and literature, natural philosophy, organic chemistry and metallurgy, biology, and the sciences necessary for the medical profession.

NOTWITHSTANDING the depressed condition of mining in Cornwall, the Mining Institute opened at Camborne on Wednesday last its second annual exhibition of mining machinery, mining tools, &c. The display was of great interest, and the occasion was thought to be a fitting one for the distribution of the medals and prizes to the successful students of the science classes of the Miners' Association.

"**VESTITUS,**" says our Naples Correspondent, "hesitates to take any decided step. As at the full moon, so at the new moon there was a flare up; and those not in its secrets, as our friend Prof. Palmieri, is, confidently expected a great eruption. For one or two nights before and after the new moon there was a brilliant spectacle, so far as the dense clouds on the summit would allow us to see it. But this has all ceased. Still, in that brief period the lava gurgled over and reached the edge of the old crater, over which it threatened to pass and roll down the sides of the mountain towards Somma. It is calculated that upwards of 100,000 cubic metres of lava have accumulated within the old crater. For some time yet people must dread the caprices of Vesuvius at the changes of the moon."

PROF. M. E. PLANTAMOUR publishes in the *Bibliothèque Universelle* of Geneva, *Archives des Sciences Physiques et Naturelles* for October 15th, his usual "Résumé Météorologique de l'Année 1877 pour Genève et le Grand Saint-Bernard."

MESSRS. CROSBY LOCKWOOD & CO. announce the following scientific books: 'A Text-Book on the Steam-Engine,' by Mr. T. M. Goodeve; 'Potatoes: How to Grow and Show Them,' by Mr. James Pink; 'The Junior Student's Algebra,' by Mr. Alexander Wilson; and the following new volumes of Weale's Rudimentary Scientific Series: 'Kitchen Gardening Made Easy,' by Mr. G. M. F. Glenny; 'Fuel: its Combustion and Economy,' edited by Mr. D. Kinnear Clark, Mem. Inst. C.E.; 'Locomotive Engines,' by Mr. D. Kinnear Clark, Mem. Inst. C.E.

FINE ARTS

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTINGS BY ARTISTS OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOLS IS NOW OPEN AT THOMAS MCLENNAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket.—Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF HIGH-CLASS PICTURES AT ARTHUR TOOTH'S GALLERY, 5, Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre, is NOW OPEN.—Admission 1s., including Catalogue.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, 'THE BRAZEN SERPENT,' 'CHRIST LEAVING THE PRETORIUM,' and 'CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM' (the latter just completed), each 23 by 22 feet, with 'Dream of Pilate's Wife,' 'Soldiers of the Cross,' 'Night of the Crucifixion,' 'House of Caiphas,' &c., at the DORE GALLERY, 25, New Bond Street. Daily, Ten to Six.—1s.

NEW PRINTS.

We have received from Messrs. A. Braun & Co., Paris (Dulau & Co., London), three more parts, "avant la lettre," of the admirable series of etchings by Herr Unger, entitled "Die Kaiserl. Königl. Gemälde-Galerie in Wien," being Nos. IV., V., VI. There are to be one hundred plates in all from the finest pictures in the gallery of the Belvedere. Interspersed among the letter-press are several smaller etchings, but they are often ill placed, we are sorry to say; for example, embedded in a notice of Holbein and his work, *à propos* to a beautiful plate representing the 'Queen Jane' (Seymour) at Vienna, is a spirited etching of a little Madonna and Child, signed by Dürer, and dated 1503. In a notice of Titian is to be found a capital etching of a man's portrait, by 'Rossum,' which is hardly out of place. In the first "Lieferung" of this publication is a beautiful etching from a portrait of a lady, ascribed to Holbein, but which certainly recalls Moro: this we have already

admired warmly, and have now the pleasure of coming upon an undoubted Holbein—'Queen Jane,' the small half-length figure which Dr. Woltman recognized in C. Van Mander's description of a portrait which, in his time, was in the Warmoesstraet of Amsterdam, but which was at Vienna so long ago as 1720, and is now among the precious gems of the Belvedere. This etching is one of the most delicate and firm translations of a Holbein that we know. The details of the dress, jewels, brocade, the action of the hands, are rendered with delightful care and with the perfection of finish; so the print is absolutely in keeping with Holbein's work. The face is most learnedly and solidly drawn, and the exquisiteness of the half-tints and shadows under the chin and on the neck needs no praise of ours. The rendering of the colour of the picture is peculiarly faithful and happy. There is a capital copy of this portrait at Woburn. Mr. Wornum said there is another copy at Knole (?), and he remarked that among all the pictures possessed by Henry the Eighth at his death there was no portrait of any other of his six wives than that of Queen Jane joined with his own in a diptych. Under the circumstances, no one need be surprised at this. It is doubtful if the portrait at Vienna really represents Queen Jane. Herr Unger has been eminently fortunate in reproducing what may be called the idiosyncratic style of the pictures; this is true notwithstanding a slight excess of blackness in most of his works,—see the rich Terburg, 'The Apple-Peeler'; and he never fails in reproducing the vigour and spirit of his originals,—see the energetic 'Boar Hunt,' by Snyders; the elegant and ornate Van Dyck's 'Madonna with the Blessed Herman'; the sumptuous and voluptuous 'Jupiter and Io'; and the soft and brilliant 'Stille See' of Vlieger.

From Messrs. Seeley, Jackson & Halliday we have a "remark" proof of an etching by M. L. Richeton after a picture by Mr. Pettie, styled 'Rob Roy,' into the appropriateness of the title of which it is not now necessary to enter. It represents a stalwart Scotchman in kilt, "bonnet," and plaid, seated near a table, holding a liquor-glass in one hand, while resting the other hand on the head of a stick. He looks with set eyes somewhat affectingly straightforward, but why or at what we cannot tell. One has to take much of the drapery in which the figure is wrapped on credit, but of the energy and spirit of the translation from the picture there cannot be two opinions. One leg is crossed over the other, and admirably foreshortened, excellently drawn. The "effect," originally a forced one, is rich and powerful.

One of the attractions of the Royal Academy last winter was the head of an old man in a ruff and black hat, belonging to Mr. H. Willett, and numbered 102, which has since been lent to the South Kensington Museum. For want of a better name it was generally accepted as the work of Rembrandt, although, to say the least, its pedigree was questionable, for it is said that it was found in a very dirty state, but unrestored, at a public-house in Sussex. It really matters little who painted the picture from which Mr. C. P. Sicombe has made an excellent and forcible etching, published by Messrs. Deighton & Dunthorne, of which an artist's proof is before us. The picture has been happily rendered. The etcher has given to his transcript as much as possible of the rich impasto, the masterly drawing, the quaint but serious look of this wizened old man in the broad-brimmed black hat, whose very life looks out at us from its ancient time-worn citadel of flesh in the still shrewd but faded eyes, the character of which expresses failing sight. The etching deserves almost the highest praise, and will surely be acceptable to all who enjoyed the picture.

We have from the Autotype Company a reproduction in their process of Mr. Poynter's 'Israel in Egypt,' due to a monochrome copy of the picture, about 6 feet by 2½ feet, on which the painter worked with his own hands in oil, preserving the character of the figures in a surprisingly happy and complete way, and securing

an autographic quality which is most important. From this monochrome a reduced, but still large, autotype copy has been published. Such solid and learned work as Mr. Poynter's would have borne line engraving, and it is wonderful that no one has attempted to reproduce it by that means, although the process would involve the employment of a first-rate engraver and the expenditure of a great deal of time. In the absence of a line engraving we could not hope for a truer or more acceptable transcript of this intensely interesting picture, one of the most important examples of the English school, than the permanent photograph before us, which, being autographic in its most prominent elements, has a great advantage in this respect over line engraving. From the same publishers we have large and small copies, produced by the process described above, of a landscape by Mr. R. Elmore, named 'Windsor Castle at Sunrise,' an effective and telling work, which did not "lend itself" to the process with such success as Mr. Poynter's picture lent itself. In its way this publication is likely to be acceptable to many; but we cannot think the original was well adapted for reproduction of this sort.

Among the less satisfactory publications of the Arundel Society must be classed the chromo-lithograph now before us, which professes to represent the fresco of the 'Madonna and Child,' painted in the manner of a tabernacle, and signed 'Opus Benozzi de Florenzia,' which is in St. Jerome's Chapel of the Monastery of St. Francis at Montefalco, the place where Gozzoli depicted in a remarkable series many scenes in the career of the patron saint, to say nothing of portraits of Giotto, or "Jottus" as he called him, Dante, and Petrarch. In this picture the accessories comprise a painted, or rather gilded, "picture" of a tabernacle in many compartments: in the central one of these is the Virgin and Child, a group which is most characteristic of Benozzo, though not free from the influence of Fra Angelico; it is a beautiful group in the original. In a line with this compartment are four saints, each in a niche—an artless, not to say a mechanical composition or rather no composition—being SS. Francis, Jerome, John the Baptist, and an episcopal saint, probably St. Zenobius. Over each of these is a rondel, containing the demi-figure of an angel; above the latter, and in the centre, God the Father, with "A" and "Ω"; and, at the sides, four seated figures of Latin fathers, SS. Ambrose, Jerome, Gregory, and Augustine. In the predella are five pictures, including St. Christopher, John the Evangelist (?), Clare of Montefalco with lilies, St. Quintin (?), the Virgin, Christ, and John, Dominic (?), Francis with a book, Dorothy with flowers, and Theresa (or Catharine of Siena) with a heart. It is remarkable how much of the spirit, character, and grace of the original has survived the process of chromo-lithography,—how drudgery, although absolutely devoid of art or heart, has contrived to preserve a portion of Gozzoli's inspiration and skill. The "restoration" of the picture is as complete in this transcript as in nearly all the publications of the society.

REMBRANDT.

II.

I HAVE not yet spoken of two works of this period which give us much food for admiration, but also much for conjecture, the so-called 'Jewish Bride' and the so-called 'Danaë.' This appellation of 'Jewish Bride' for the earlier picture, which was painted in 1634, is inappropriate, because we have assuredly no Jewess before us. Nevertheless it appears to me fully in accordance with Rembrandt's conception that this young lady, with her soft fantastic dress, her ornaments of bright flowers, and earnest and solemn expression, should represent one of the brides of the Old Testament. My acquaintance with the beauties of the Old Testament does not, however, extend far enough for me to affirm with any precision for whom it is intended. The resemblance to Rembrandt's wife, Saskia, and the circumstance that the date of the

picture happens to be the very year when Rembrandt married her, point to the conclusion that the artist painted the picture as a memento of his wedding. If this picture, from its extraordinarily careful execution, from its firm drawing, its clear and delicate colour, and its cool greenish tone, is to be considered as a characteristic and remarkable work of the first period, 'Danaë,' which was only painted two years later, represents the culminating point of the master's powers. How is it possible that Waagen only looked on it as a parody? There are certainly deficiencies in the figure of "this Dutch model," though it shows that Rembrandt was just returning to a disposition to see beauty in the purity and severity of the antique and of the classical Italian masters. But what Italian painter, Titian himself not excepted, could have portrayed so truly and so delightfully the softness of a delicate porous skin, and the effect of light and shade on the flesh tints? The cool green curtains, the gilded roccoco frame of the magnificent state-bed, and the white linen, increase the warmth and strength of light of the naked figure, on which the dazzling light streams, and add by their cold reflections to the rich play of light and shade, and the wonderful charm of chiaroscuro. An inquiry as to the subject of a work of art of such irresistible attraction does not occur to one for some time; but I should like to point out that it is possible that we have here no Danaë before us, but a subject from the Apocrypha, namely, Tobias being led to his bride, the daughter of Raguel. The attitude and expression of the girl and the enchain'd Cupid in the carved frame of the canopy do not point to the myth of Danaë, but rather to that story from the life of Tobias, and, besides this, the subject is found repeated in a picture of the school of Rembrandt in the Brunswick Gallery, in which the figure of Tobias places the truth of this interpretation beyond doubt.

Amongst the few works which belong to the period of manhood, 'The Holy Family' (796), painted in the year 1645, is the most important. On the simple homeliness of a Dutch carpenter's workshop streams a ray of supernatural light from the angels who, blessing and protecting, keep watch over the family. The idea of this picture is repeated by a number of Dutch *genre* painters, on whom, about this time, Rembrandt's influence, direct or indirect, showed itself appreciably,—as, for instance, by Nicolaas Maes, Pieter de Hooch, Jan van Meer, of Delft, and Gabriel Metsu. They not only took for their subjects the happiness of simple domestic life in Holland, but also copied his peculiar handling at this time, as well as his brilliant colouring, his broad yet tender method of treatment, and his skilful chiaroscuro. 'The Pious Old Woman with her Child' (822) can only have been painted a few years later than the 'Holy Family.' It is a work of great intensity of expression, but deficient in invention, and, considering that it is by Rembrandt, strangely cold and heavy in tone, besides being in parts even small in make,—as, for example, in the child's figure. It seems to me more probable that this is intended for a Hannah and Samuel than for the Catholic subject of St. Anne and her daughter Mary. An old copy of the picture, formerly attributed to the master himself, afterwards, improperly, to Flinck, is in the Berlin Gallery. Another and larger work of this time, 'The Fall of Haman' (795), appears to me by the handling to be a genuine work, but not a very pleasing one.

I could easily conceive any one having doubts of the authenticity of these two pictures, but not that Waagen should declare the beautiful picture of 'Joseph's Bloody Coat' (793) to be the work of Eeckhout, Rembrandt's pupil. It does not in any way remind us of this pupil, who is distinguished from his teacher by very marked peculiarities. The scene could not be set before us in a clearer, simpler, and, at the same time, more striking manner, than it is here by the embarrassed eloquence of the two sons, and the wonder and grief of the aged Jacob, which are heightened by the innocent want of sympathy of the child Ben-

jamin. I do not find Rembrandt's power wanting either in the workmanship or in the representation of character, but when we criticize this picture we must take into account that it has in later times received very substantial and disfiguring additions on three sides.

'Abraham receiving the Angels into his House' (791) is another work of the first rank. Together with a clear and lifelike reproduction of the situation, the artist has here been especially careful to make the contrast between the venerable figure of Abraham and the youth of the angels telling in effect. Seldom in any work of the artist do we meet with such beautiful heads. Judging by the broad and yet finished and delicate execution, and by the clear lighting, this picture may belong to the year 1650, or a few years later. It marks the beginning of the artist's later period, in which he confined himself more and more to just the amount of composition, colour, and execution which was absolutely necessary,—faithful to his artistic maxim, that a picture is finished when it expresses what the artist wishes to express. The earliest picture of the kind in the Hermitage is 'The Accusation of Joseph by Potiphar's Wife' (794), finished by Rembrandt in the year 1655 (the last cipher of the date was originally a 4, which the artist himself altered to 5), in which the speaking figure of the woman is the most pleasing. Much more important is the 'Denial of Christ by Peter' (799), painted a few years later. The gloomy inn is lighted by a candle, which, concealed by the hand of the servant who is holding it, throws a strong light on the stately form of Peter, who stands there stung by the girl's reproach. At one side sits a rough soldier, who, intent on what is going on, puts down the great gourd bottle which he was just raising to his lips. The situation is startling in its simplicity and truth, the lighting wonderfully effective, the treatment first rate, in a clear brown tone, which just indicates the local colour. This work seems almost highly finished by the side of the latest of Rembrandt's pictures in the Hermitage, as, for instance, the 'Prodigal's Return' (797), which has more figures in it than any composition from the hand of Rembrandt known to me of a Biblical subject. The artist, now near old age, has here a boldness of handling, a certainty and a breadth that can only be found in the greatest painters, perhaps only in Titian. Rembrandt has, however, not tried in this to be a painter of prettiness, but under the rough exterior there is deep inner beauty. What truth there is in the tall, broken-down figure of the blind old man who feels for the lost son, who is kneeling before him in rage, dirt, and misery, but full of repentance and trust in his father's love. Compared with 'The Denial of St. Peter,' which was painted ten years earlier, this picture shows a more symmetrical disposition of light and a strong local colour, which is kept together in large masses. There is especially an illuminated brick-red, which is just as characteristic of this last period as the dry treatment and the daring heaping on of unblended tones with the bristle-brush and palette-knife.

When Rembrandt created this work, perhaps in the year of his death 1669, he already stood alone, both as a man and as an artist. The master who had guided the art of his country into new paths, who had placed it on its highest point of elevation, was no longer in fashion, and went his way onwards alone but untroubled. The feeling for great art was already extinct in Holland, while inferior art was just in its fullest development and bloom.

Some pictures, as yet unmentioned, which appear in the Catalogue as Rembrandt's have no pretensions to genuineness. They are these, 'The Grace' (803), a weak copy of the picture in the Bridgewater Gallery; the 'Portrait of an old Man' (816), by Jan Lievens; the 'Portrait of a Jewess' (813), by a pupil, and the two landscapes (830 and 831), the last of which resembles an early Jan Van de Cappelle.

The private collections in St. Petersburg also contain a number of Rembrandt's works which are genuine, and in some respects noteworthy. To

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begin with, there is, in the Emperor's summer residence, Peterhof, a little picture representing the 'Reconciliation between Jacob and Esau.' It is dated 1642, the master's prime, but, though lifelike in its presentation of the subject, and specially interesting from its fantastic architecture and landscape background, it is somewhat too feeble and monotonous in colour, and is not so vigorous in handling as most of the works of the same period.

The two best pictures are in Count Sergei Stroganoff's very select gallery. One is an example of Rembrandt's earliest period, the other of his latest. This last (belonging to the year 1660), a half-length of a young monk dressed in brown, with his cowl drawn over his head, who is gazing thoughtfully before him, possesses, in addition to a carefulness of execution rare at this period, and a rich brown colouring, a most unusual power of attraction, owing to the pleasing features of the person depicted. Still more interesting is a small historical picture, signed with the well-known monogram, and dated 1630. This is undoubtedly the masterpiece of this first epoch of the artist's development. An old man in rich Oriental apparel sits meditating in a grotto by the side of his rescued treasures, amongst which is to be found a Bible. A burning town is seen in the distance. This work was at one time described as a Philosopher, then as an impersonation of Vanity, and even by Waagen as 'A Learned Man in his Room'; it nevertheless appears to me that its old name of 'Lot' is the most suitable. It is a little gem in fineness of colour and picturesqueness of treatment, and far excels the picture painted the year following of the 'Presentation in the Temple,' which is at the Hague. Tender execution, together with facile and spirited handling, clear, brilliant colour, with dry impasto touches in the highest lights only, are as remarkable in this picture as the delicacy of the chiaroscuro, the carefulness of the drawing, and its excellent state of preservation.

A large number of Rembrandt's pictures are in Prince Youssoupoff's palace. Two of these, the large portraits of a young Dutchman and his wife, are excellent specimens of the master's last period. Though not remarkable as compositions, they nevertheless produce an extraordinary effect, owing to their breadth of handling, their deep and brilliant colouring, and their chiaroscuro. Judging by the black tone of the shadows and the dry method of laying on the colour, these pictures seem to me to have been painted about 1664 or 1665. The small head of a curly-haired boy (A.D. 1633) is not very striking; but because of its genuine signature "Rembrandt," which only occasionally appears on the artist's early works accompanied by his monogram, and of the similarity to another child's portrait painted in the same year, and now in the possession of the widow of Baron James Rothschild in Paris, I do not venture to affirm that it is not the master's work. The picture of Susannah in the bath, which is dated 1637, is undoubtedly genuine, but not much more pleasing than that just named. Although fine in execution, tender in handling, and golden in tone, the action of Susannah is so unpleasing that, on this very account, the picture of the same subject and date, belonging to Baron Steengracht, at the Hague, deserves the preference. That in St. Petersburg has also suffered from cleaning. With the exception of these just described, all other pictures bearing the name of Rembrandt in this or any other collection in St. Petersburg bear it without right, as, for instance, those belonging to Prince Leuchtenberg, those at the Academy, &c.

W. BODE.

ROMAN REMAINS AT HEIDELBERG.

SINCE the discoveries of Roman remains reported in Nos. 2586, 2592, and 2600 of the *Athenæum* further evidence has been produced that Heidelberg was an important station for the legions of Rome in the third century of our era.

In the course of the summer of 1877, whilst the Neckar was unusually low, the traces of Roman bridge, which had long been suspected to exist,

were ascertained to be real, and a number of oak piles and beams were extracted from the bed of the river. Some of the piles were drawn with the iron points or shoes which had been used to drive them into the ground, and these shoes were found to be of the same shape and strength as those used at present for similar purposes. The wood was perfectly sound and hard almost throughout. Of the seven piers which supported the roadway of the bridge five were found *in situ* at equal distances (34 50 mètres) from one another. It was close to one of the piers that the altar stone dedicated to Neptune was found, on which, according to the inscription, a statue of Neptune was once placed (NEPTUNO AEDEM CVM SIGNO, see *Athenæum*, No. 2592, p. 838). On the top of the stone was a square hole for fixing this statue. Hopes were entertained that the statue itself might be found. But these were gratified only to a small extent by the discovery of an insignificant fragment, part of a leg of the figure with the base, which fitted exactly into the hole in the stone. From the fragments now found it is easy to reconstruct the exact dimensions and direction of the bridge, and this has been done in a pamphlet by Mr. Schaefer, the architect conducting the building of the Academical Hospital, who is about to publish shortly a complete account of all the discoveries made under his direction.

A few days ago these discoveries were extended by the laying bare of a Roman well 50 feet deep close to the Roman road mentioned in No. 2592 of the *Athenæum*. At the bottom of this well was found a Roman milestone with the following inscription:—

IMP. C.ES. G. IVLIO
VERO. MAXIMINO.
PIO. FELICI. AVG.
P. M. TRI. P. COS. P. P.
PRO. COS. ET. G. IVL
VERO. MAXIMO (sic)
NOBILISSIMO. CES.
C. S. N.
L. IIII.

i. e., Imperatori Cesari Gaio Iulio | Vero Maximino | Pio Felici Augusto | pontifici maximo tribunice potestatis consuli patria patre | proconsuli et Gaio Iulio | Vero Maximo | nobilissimo Cesari | civitas Severiana Nemetum | leuga quatuor.

This inscription almost completes the list of Roman emperors contained in the seven inscriptions found last year, by supplying the third name in the chronological order between 218 and 259 A.D. The only names still missing are those of C. Gallus and M. Aemilianus, who reigned between Decius and Valerius in the years from 251 to 253. Perhaps the latter of these was never acknowledged or known as emperor in the distant province of the Rhine, for his reign lasted only four months.

The curious and hitherto unparalleled fact is here represented to us of an official list of emperors, placed as in a public record side by side in a military station of the empire, for the purpose, as it would appear, of proclaiming to the soldiers and the provincials the name of the ruling emperor; for the object of the eight milestones, all erected in one place and marking the same distance of four leagues from Lopodunum, could not be that of common milestones (see *Athenæum*, No. 2600).

W. INNE.

Five-Third Cossack.

A FINE-ART and Industrial Exhibition, the President being the Archbishop of York, will be held in York in the coming year, opening on May 1st, and closing on October 31st. The leading features in the Exhibition will be natural products, manufactures, machinery, literature, antiquities, paintings in oil, water-colour drawings, &c. A plan of the building will shortly be published.

MR. ALMA TADEMA'S picture, 'The Vintage Festival, Ancient Rome,' is now exhibiting at Messrs. Gladwell's gallery, Gracechurch Street.

THE lists of promotions in the Legion of Honour on account of the Exposition Universelle

have been published, and they mention that M. Henrique Dupont is made "Commandeur." MM. Craute and Falguière, sculptors; MM. Delaunay, C. Duran, J. P. Laurens, J. Lefebvre, and Volland, painters; and M. Revoil, architect, have been made "Officiers." The "Chevaliers" are MM. Allar, Requet, Gautherin, Lafrance, Manglier, Tournois, sculptors; MM. E. Breton, Cahasson, Dupray, Gisain, Gosselin, Guillaumet, Machard, Pelouse, Quesnet, and Veyrassat, painters; MM. J. M. Blondel, Brune, Darcy, Etienne, Gaudet, Mimey, Picq, Paul Séjile, Tronquois, architects; and M. Huot, engraver. The medals given to English artists on this occasion we have already enumerated. The medals awarded to the French and foreign painters, except English, are as follows:—Grands Prix, rappers, MM. Cabanel, Gérôme, and Meissonier; Medals of Honour, MM. Bouguereau and François (France); Mackert, Matjko, and Munkacsy (Austria-Hungary); Pasini (Italy); Pradilla (Spain); Siermiradski (Russia); and Wauters (Belgium). Medals of the first class, rappers, Bida (France), Madrazo (Spain), Stevens and Willems (Belgium). Medals of the first class, MM. Bloch (Denmark), L. Breton, Busson, Delaunay, P. Dubois, L. Glaizé, Heuner, Lefebvre, E. Lévy, H. Lévy, T. Robert-Fleury, P. Rousseau, Van Marcke, and Volland (France); Israëls (Holland), Madrazo (Spain), Müntz (Norway), De Nittis (Italy), Vautier (Switzerland), Verlat, and De Winne (Belgium), and A. Wahlberg (Sweden). Second class medals were given to French painters as follows: MM. C. Bernier, J. P. Blanc, G. Boulanger, Cot, De Curzon, E. Dubufe, C. Duran, J. Goupil, Harpignies, Mdlle. N. Jacquemart, MM. L. Leloir, Machard, G. Moreau, Pelouse, and E. Thirion. The Grand Prix for sculpture is given to M. Guillaumet; Medals of Honour to M. Antokolski (Russia), MM. P. Dubois, Hiolle, A. Mercié (France), and M. G. Monteverde (Italy). The Grands Prix for architecture are given, rappers, to MM. Ferstel (Austria-Hungary) and A. F. Waterhouse (England). Medals of Honour to MM. E. M. Barry and Schmidt; First Medals to MM. Chardon, (France), Ecole Royale d'Architecture (Spain), Hansen, and Hasenauer (Austria-Hungary). In engraving, medals of honour are given to MM. Huot and Jules Jacquemart (France), and Realich (Russia); a rappel of the first class in the same category is given to M. Bertinot (France), and medals of the first class to M. Biot (Belgium), and MM. Dangquin, A. Didier, and Gaillard (France).

THE death is recorded of the able sculptor M. Victor le Harivel-Durveher, who executed the group of *La Comédie Humaine*, which is in the Luxembourg, the statue of *Le Juif Errant*, and that of the Empress Josephine, which is in the *Avénue de l'Impératrice Josephine*, Paris.

IT is intended to erect a statue of Rabelais in the city of Tours. French sculptors are invited to compete for the commission to produce this work.

THE alterations in the interior of Bow Church, which we described some time ago, are now in course of execution. In addition to the changes we have already noticed, and with a view to expressing still more clearly than they appeared to do the object and character of these modifications in the plan, it is proposed to lower the pavement of the body of the church. The effect of this will be, of course, to increase the difference of level between the east end, or sacerdotal portion of the interior, and that of the part which is not intended for the priests. It is almost needless to repeat in regard to this church the remark we have previously made, that an overwhelming proportion of the recent operations on churches, whether they are called "restorations," "remodelling," "improving," or what not, spring from a desire to form chancels for the exclusive use of the so-called celebrants, in one way or other separating the clergy from the worshippers. The force of this remark would be appreciated if a return were obtained to an Order of the House of Commons stating how many new chancels have been added to churches, how many of the like

have been formed on old sites, and how many quasi-chancels have been constructed.

Our Naples Correspondent writes:—“The Commendatore Salazar, Vice-Director of the Naples Museum, has lately returned from London and Paris, where he had been sent on a commission from the Italian Government. On passing through Rome, after conferring with the Minister of Public Instruction, it was decided to establish an Industrial Museum in Naples, with schools ‘of application.’ The basis of this new institution will be that of the Belle Arti already in existence. The arrival of their Majesties here will be made the occasion of an exhibition of the Fine Arts, and native artists are invited to send in their works before the end of this month. It is the happy thought of M. Worrville, the Duke d’Eboli, the Count de la Feld (Delafield), and Cav. Magliorre. The jury consists of Morelli, Palizzi, Maldarelli, D’Alborro, and Bellazzi, whose reputation renders them independent of all titles.”

MUSIC

MENDELSSOHN COMMEMORATION.

THE annual commemoration concert in the Crystal Palace in honour of Mendelssohn, on the 2nd inst., was near enough in date to the 4th of November to impart much interest to the programme, the more so as it contained a MS. Symphony in F minor for only the stringed instruments of an orchestra. The work bears the date of 1823, when the composer was a boy at Berlin, where his parents resided after leaving Hamburg, the city in which Mendelssohn was born. The compositions which were lying in the musician’s portfolio when he died his executors have been very slow in giving to the world, fearing that his fame might be compromised by the publication of productions he himself withheld from the public. Nothing, however, that Mendelssohn had ever written in his youthful days could possibly affect the glory he acquired when his Octet and, secondly, his overture to ‘Midsummer Night’s Dream’ were first given. Some surprise has been expressed that he should have composed from 1820 to 1823 ten four, five, and six part symphonies for strings solely; really there is no cause for wonderment, inasmuch as their execution was confined to a moderate-sized drawing-room or saloon at the paternal home, where fortnightly were gathered the relations and friends to admire the precocious ability of the juvenile composer. It is, of course, pretty certain that the correcting hands of the professors who were the teachers of the boy were exercised before these string symphonies were heard; and that wood, brass, and percussion were excluded from the scores because the size of the saloon at Berlin did not admit of a complete band being placed there, filled as it was with guests, and also because Mendelssohn was practising for private concerts, and habituating his hand to acquire the perfection of writing for the quartet by which he subsequently so distinguished himself. The hearing of the E minor on the 2nd inst. confirms these impressions of the composer’s intentions, for, however much listeners may have been astounded at the clever mechanism of a mere boy, it was impossible to come to any other conclusion than that the themes and the workmanship did not originate from his ready pen. He was at the age when an artist is impressed by the works of his predecessors; Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven were all in his mind, and he reproduced their conceptions and their machinery. That he was Bach-bitten is very well known, that he imitated the example of Beethoven in breaks and surprises is palpably shown in this string symphony, and the Haydn influence in the Minuet and that of Mozart in the Adagio were sufficiently obvious. As curiosities, as a kind of pilot balloon in the programme, or the precursors of masterpieces, these string symphonies may be introduced with good effect, but they are not works to rave about. One thing was proved in the execution—namely, that it is impossible to go

back to the period of stringed orchestras as it has pleased some amateurs to suggest recently; even the very able players under Mr. Manns could not disguise the rasping tone of such a band. What a contrast was presented by the other instrumental pieces—the Pianoforte Concerto in G minor, No. 1 (1832), so poetically played by Madame Montigny-Rémaury (one of the lady pianists first introduced here by Prof. Ella at the Musical Union), the witty Scherzo (encored) and dreamy Notturno from the incidental music to the ‘Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1844), and the oriental and dignified prelude to Racine’s ‘Athalie’ (1843). These juxtapositions of musical inspirations to show the progress from early efforts to maturity are so far useful guides. Madame Montigny-Rémaury displayed very nimble finger in the Capriccio in E minor, Op. 16, but in the solos, ‘Lieder ohne Worte,’ in A flat and in G minor, the lady was not so successful in imparting the singing style of the pianoforte exacted by the composer. Soprano songs from ‘Die Hochzeit des Camacho’ (1825) and the ‘Heimkehr aus der Fremde’ (1829) were sung by Madame Lemmens, and tenor airs from ‘St. Paul’ (1836) and from ‘Elijah’ (1846) were given by M. Candidus (for whom an apology was made on the score of hoarseness), but the superiority of the sacred over the secular songs was obvious.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

M. LOUIS BRASSIN, the pianoforte professor of the Brussels Conservatorium, was the “star” or “lion” of the opening night of the Monday Popular Concerts, on the 4th inst., in St. James’s Hall. He completely confirmed the highly favourable impression entertained of his skill when he made his first appearance in England on the 5th of October last at the Crystal Palace Concert, and played Beethoven’s Emperor Concerto in E flat, No. 5, and Dr. Liszt’s Hungarian Fantasia. He is more than a mere bravura performer, for he is an intellectual interpreter, having an elastic and sympathetic touch, much delicacy and refinement, and proved that no digital difficulties will stand in his way in the interpretation of great works. He pre-eminently distinguished himself in the Waldstein Sonata in C major, Op. 53, in which sensibility is needed to do justice to the slow movement, whilst the manipulation for the opening *allegro* and closing *rondo* must be of the first order. M. Brassin’s capabilities were, therefore, fully tested, and he showed that a novel and independent reading of this matchless sonata can be successfully attempted. M. Brassin disregards mechanical *tempi* as in the use of the *rallentando*, which was very artful, the player seeming to hesitate before the theme was progressed with. Technically and sentimentally it was a captivating reading of the sonata, and it was felt to be so by an immense body of amateurs and professors filling the newly-decorated hall, the new sun-lights of which certainly do not diffuse the same pleasing brightness as the star pendants used to give. Some of the lower portions of the hall are now thrown into dark shadow. The remaining pieces of the programme were the String Quartet in E minor, Op. 44, No. 2, Madame Norman-Néruda, Herr L. Ries, Mr. Zerbini, and Signor Piatti executants, the *scherzo* of which was redemand; and Schubert’s Trio in B flat, Op. 99, for piano (M. Brassin), violin (Madame Norman-Néruda), and violoncello (Signor Piatti). The pianist, by the way, is a German and not a Frenchman, as his name would import. Mr. Santley sang Signor Piatti’s setting of Tennyson’s “O swallow, swallow,” *violoncello obbligato*, and Mr. Zerbini pianoforte accompanist, and Handel’s “Nasce al bosco” (“Ezio”), and, on the encore of the latter, gave M. Gounod’s “Maid of Athens.”

During the series of Monday and Saturday Concerts, the Director promises the engagements of Fräulein Krebs, of Fräulein Janotha, of Dr. Von Bülow, and of Mr. C. Halle, pianists; Herren Straus and Joachim violinists, and Sir Julius Benedict accompanist, with Miss Thurshy vocalist.

HER MAJESTY’S THEATRE.

THE presence of such an accomplished artist as the Belgian *prima donna*, Mdlle. Marimon, enables the Director to rely on the familiar *répertoire*, of which Bellini’s ‘Sonnambula’ and Meyerbeer’s ‘Dinorah’ continue to be the most popular items. The lady, however, is ill supported with a tenor of the calibre of Signor Carrion as Elvino and Corentino, and Herr Behrens is but a ponderous Conte Rodolfo. On the other hand, Signor Rota is highly acceptable as Hoel, and the introduction of Madame Trebelli and Mdlle. Bauermeister as the goatherds is judicious. ‘Carmen’ with Madame Trebelli in the cast, fills the theatre every night it is given, and it was found expedient to present the work last Wednesday morning. Mdlle. Marimon is promised to appear in Herr von Flotow’s ‘Marta’ next Monday. Weber’s ‘Oberon’ is in preparation for M. Candidus. Signor Verdi’s revised ‘Forza del Destino’ is under weigh; but the production of Rossini’s ‘Semiramide,’ without any adequate successor to Tietjens, would be hazardous.

M. Candidus writes:—“Thanking you for the very favourable notice you have given me in your valuable paper of last Saturday (Oct. 26th), I beg to draw your attention to the slight mistake you made concerning my name, which is not White, but *Candidus*, which is my real family name. I would consider it a favour if you would correct this in your next number.”

Musical Gossip.

AT the sixth of the Saturday Crystal Palace Concerts this afternoon (Nov. 9th) M. Louis Brassin’s Pianoforte Concerto, with orchestra, will be executed here for the first time. The overture, ‘The Masque of Pandora,’ by Alice Mary Smith, will be included in the scheme. The vocalists promised are Mrs. Osgood and Mdlle. Fides Keller.

At the first of the Saturday Popular Concerts this morning (Nov. 9th) Mr. C. Halle will be the pianist. Next Monday M. Louis Brassin will play Bach’s Italian Pianoforte Concerto, and join Madame Norman-Néruda and Signor Piatti in Beethoven’s Trio in B flat, Op. 97.

An English version of Donizetti’s ‘Figlia del Reggimento’ will be recited this evening (Saturday) at the Royal Aquarium, the chief characters by Miss José Sherrington, Madame Sanderini, Mr. B. Lane, and Mr. W. Bolton.

THE eighth season of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society was commenced on the 7th inst., under Mr. Barnby’s direction, with Mendelssohn’s ‘Elijah.’ The solo singers announced were Mesdames Lemmens and A. Sterling and Miss Dones, Messrs. Vernon Rigby, Thornton, Wadmore, and S. Smith.

MR. JOHN BOOSEY’s London Ballad Concert season was begun in St. James’s Hall on the 6th inst., Mr. S. Naylor conductor. The solo singers in the scheme were Mesdames Lemmens and A. Sterling, the Misses M. Davies and Cummings, Messrs. Sims Reeves, McGuckin, C. Tovey, and Santley, with the London Vocal Union, under Mr. Walker’s direction; the pianist Miss M. Bucknall. Nearly all the singers had encores, but they substituted other ballads.

MR. W. CARTER had a pianoforte recital in the Steinway Hall on the 5th inst., at which all Mendelssohn’s ‘Songs without Words’ were introduced in the programme.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA, after visiting Vienna and Bologna, is now in Berlin, but will return to town in time for the rehearsals of the programme for the opening concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society, on the 22nd inst.

PROF. ELLA has been in Paris to hear the new artists who are votaries of the classical chamber composition school, some of whom will be imported for the season of the Musical Union of 1879.

MR. J. S. SHEDLOCK commenced his third series of Classical Musical Evenings at Bodleian

House, Kensington, on the 6th inst. The first part of the scheme was confined to the works of Beethoven, the executants being Mr. Sheldon, piano; Mr. Palmer, violin; and Herr Lütgen, violoncello. The vocalists were Miss Arthur and Mr. F. Ashley, with Herr Liebich conductor.

THE Marble Club Tuesday Popular Concerts in the Clapham Road are attracting large spontaneous audiences. The solo singers announced for the 5th inst. were Mdlles. Zuliani and Corandi, the Misses Butler, A. Pratt, Thornton, Mrs. B. M'Kay, Messrs. J. Child, Wharton, W. Clifford, Templar, D'Egville, &c.

THE first lyric drama ever produced in Uruguay was brought out on the 14th of September last at Montevideo, by Señor Tomaso Giribaldi, entitled 'Parisina.' Lord Byron's poem was set by Donizetti, and was produced in 1838 at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Grisi (Parisina), Rubini (Ugo), Morelli (Ernesto), and Tamburini (Azzo) in the cast. The Montevideans recalled the composer twenty-three times.

At a concert in the Singacademie at Berlin, on the 23rd ult., Dr. Von Bülow performed the herculean feat of going through a programme which comprised the last five pianoforte concertos of Beethoven, that is, Op. 90, E minor; Op. 101, A major; Op. 106, B flat; Op. 109, E major; and Op. 110, A flat major.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the first appearance in public of Clara Wieck (Madame Schumann)—she made her *début* when she was nine years of age on the 20th of October, 1828—was celebrated at the Leipzig Gewandhaus with a programme devoted exclusively to her husband's works, including the overture 'Geneviève,' the Pianoforte Concerto in A minor, the Symphony in C, besides pianoforte solos, executed by Madame Schumann, to whom a golden crown was presented by the conductor, Herr Reinecke, amidst outbreaks of 'Hoch! Hoch!' Portraits and medallions, wreaths and garlands—all the signs, in fact, of Teutonic festivals—were displayed. At Frankfort, Herr Joachim Raff, at the new Conservatorium, delivered an oration in Madame Schumann's honour. Madame Montigny-Rémaury and Madame Essipoff are engaged for the Leipzig Gewandhaus season.

M. GOUNO'S 'Roméo et Juliette,' with M. Rodier and Mdlle. Vaillant in the title-parts, has been revived at Brussels, where Madame Adelina Patti has commenced a short engagement.

MDLLE. SALA, of Her Majesty's Theatre, has created quite a sensation in St. Petersburg at her first appearance as Selika in Meyerbeer's 'Africaine.'

THE Parisian critics and the connoisseurs of the Classical Sunday Orchestral Concerts, at the Cirque d'Hiver, have not hailed the second symphony of Herr Brahms, in D, as a masterpiece; quite the contrary; in fact, the vast audience maintained a frigid and ominous silence at the end of each movement. The skilful workmanship of the German composer is admitted, but the lack of inspiration is complained of. The work was carefully executed under M. Pasdeloup's direction. The audience during Beethoven's Septuor at every movement cheered vehemently; the minut of Mozart's Symphony in A minor was enthusiastically encored. The violin concerto by M. J. Garcin, played by M. Maurin, was also warmly applauded. Berlioz's 'Damnation de Faust' is having a renewed run at the Châtelet Sunday Concerts; the work was given for the fifteenth time in succession on the 3rd inst.

THE reappearance of M. Faure in Paris at the Trocadéro concerts created a great sensation. He sang for the benefit of the association to aid musicians, as did the Russian contralto, Madame Engally. M. Planté was the pianist.

"At length," says our Naples Correspondent, "the difficulties attendant on the reopening of San Carlo have been removed. There were difficulties in the first place with the Government, who refused to give it up on the conditions proposed by

the Municipality, and there were difficulties with the Impresario. Signor Lamperti has, however, I believe, succeeded in obtaining the management."

DRAMA

THE WEEK.

ACQUARIUM.—Morning Representation: 'Grandfather Whitehead,' a Domestic Drama in Two Acts. By Mark Lemon. —'The Liar,' a Comedy in Two Acts. Altered from Foote.

THE attempt to establish at the Aquarium Theatre a series of performances of old comedy resolves itself into an effort to *exploiter* Mr. William Farren. Against this, under existing conditions of art, there is nothing to be urged. Mr. Farren is a conscientious and a competent actor, wanting little that experience and nothing that diligence can supply. We have now, since the death of Mr. Phelps, not more than one man as capable of giving effect to an equal number of comedies concerning which traditions and memories still survive. It is pleasant to witness then an experiment such as is commenced at the Aquarium, even though the conditions may not be the most propitious. Weak as is, on the whole, the company by which the principal actor is supported, it can, it must be remembered, be strengthened at any moment, since for morning performances the entire *personnel* of every London theatre is practically available.

Mr. Farren being, then, the "head and front" of the undertaking, it is necessary to ascertain what are his qualifications for the rôle he assumes. Like many, it may almost be said most, of those artists concerning whom the public is most interested, Mr. Farren has passed through every phase of condemnation or indifference, to find appreciation slowly settle upon and around him. When first as W. Farren, jun., or, indeed, earlier still, under the stage name of Forrester, behind which his modesty at the outset concealed itself, he claimed the suffrages of the public, no great indulgence was accorded him. During many years he was spoken of by his friends as a hard, and his enemies as a wooden, actor. It was only when middle age had been reached, and the character of the *jeune premier* had been abandoned, he began to establish himself in general favour. Since that time he has advanced to the front in public esteem. Some encouragement in the prosecution of an arduous career must have been afforded him by the fact, for which necessarily we are indebted to hearsay, that his career is identical with that of his father, whose *répertoire* he has of late commenced to play.

It is characteristic of the best vintages that they are the longest in maturing. Judged by this standard, Mr. Farren must be an exceedingly fine wine, since now, after a quarter of a century's incessant practice, he is still far from ripe. His method is formed, and he shows a knowledge of the springs of pathos. Still, the entire command of them is not yet his, and his art must still be pronounced crude. It is much to be feared that it will be the same with him as we have known it with other artists, and that the finishing grace to his style will only be given by infirmity.

Mr. Farren's Grandfather Whitehead is an excellent performance. It is only when we compare it with the very best efforts in the same direction that we detect its shortcomings. The character has only on three nights been seen

in London since the death of the elder Farren, and it is necessary accordingly to say that Grandfather Whitehead is a cheery old man, who dwells in the house of his son, and believes things in general to be as prosperous as he in the exercise of a thoroughly benign disposition would have them. Assuming, not altogether unnaturally, that some money he finds "lying about" is his own, he spends it in toys for his grandchild—on whom he dotes—and in other like trifles. In so doing he accomplishes the ruin of his son-in-law. Ultimately he is able to make amends for the evil he has wrought. In the display of cheerfulness and content succeeded by suffering and defeat is the opportunity an actor seeks. This part is of all others the most closely associated with Mr. Farren's father. Of the manner in which the elder Farren acted the younger preserves a faithful copy, and those who see the bowed figure and the drooping venerable head might almost believe that the elder Farren still survived. There is, however, something wanting. The resemblance is that of photography, the accuracy of which from one standpoint is as unquestionable as from another it is meaningless. What is not there is the divine touch that makes pathos harrowing. Pathetic Mr. Farren's interpretation is. It has not, however, the gift we can recall in performances such as those of Mr. Alfred Wigan in the 'First Night,' of M. Regnier in 'La Joie fait Peur,' or of Mr. Boucicault in 'Night and Morning,' his own version of the piece last named. It does not necessarily follow that Mr. Farren is an inferior artist to the actors mentioned, since wideness of range is an indispensable factor in the sum of artistic claim. Still, in the matter of pathos he comes behind them, and pathos is the point in which his father's reputation stood highest. The method of the elder Farren, which the son transmits, is said to have been that of Bouffé, the French comedian. 'Grandfather Whitehead' is an adaptation by Mark Lemon of some piece of the Scribe school, the identity of which we are unable to fix.

In 'The Liar' Mr. Farren played a part so distinct from Grandfather Whitehead as to bear testimony to the versatility of an actor who could in the same morning assume characters so different. His performance is able but ponderous, and has this effect—that the levity of disposition, to use no stronger word, which characterizes the younger Wilding, seems altogether unpardonable in the case of a man of so staid demeanour and respectable carriage. The version is that in two acts in which Mr. Charles Mathews appeared at the Olympic and elsewhere. Concerning Mr. Farren's surroundings few words need be said. Miss Litton, always bright and attractive in comedy, gave with much spirit and appreciation the part of Miss Grantham; Mr. Collette, who appeared in both pieces, acted with animal spirits that once or twice bordered on the obstreperous, but contributed to the success of the whole. Mr. Norman Forbes looked well under powder, and acted agreeably. In the first piece Mr. Fawn, in a ridiculous costume, acted in a manner for which the only palliation is that it has long been supposed to be characteristic of low comedy. If we cannot get rid of such dress as the padded haunches and the short lappets of the coat at any less price, it is to be hoped

we shall throw low comedy over altogether. A piece like 'Grandfather Whitehead' is murdered by the introduction of those devices without which our comedians dare not pretend to be funny.

Dramatic Gossip.

We regret to say that the fears we expressed last week have been realized. Mr. Phelps died on Wednesday afternoon, in his seventy-second year.

A THREE-ACT farce, by Mr. H. J. Byron, entitled 'Uncle,' was produced successfully on Monday last at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin.

A BURLESQUE by Mr. Burnand of his own adaptation of 'Proof' was produced at the Royalty Theatre on Wednesday, under the title of 'Over Proof; or, What was Found in a Celebrated Case.' The principal parts were played by Mr. G. W. Anson and Miss Santley.

An original melo-drama, written by Mr. Joseph Hatton and Mr. James Albery in conjunction, will be produced at the Princess's in the course of the present month. It is in four acts, and has, we are told, a strong romantic interest. The scene is Normandy. Original dramatic work is sufficiently rare to justify us in hoping the effort may have success in proportion to its novelty.

'LE GENTILHOMME CITOYEN' of M. E. de Calonne, produced at the Troisième Théâtre Français, may some day add a new chapter to the 'Histoire par le Théâtre' of M. Muret. Its story shows how an aristocrat who has thrown in his lot with the people finds a momentary qualm when his son wishes to carry out in marriage the principles he has learned from his father, but conquers it and is true to his faith. It is necessarily almost devoid of action.

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